CARTOONIST PROfiles

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New Strip!

NO. 51, SEPT. 1981

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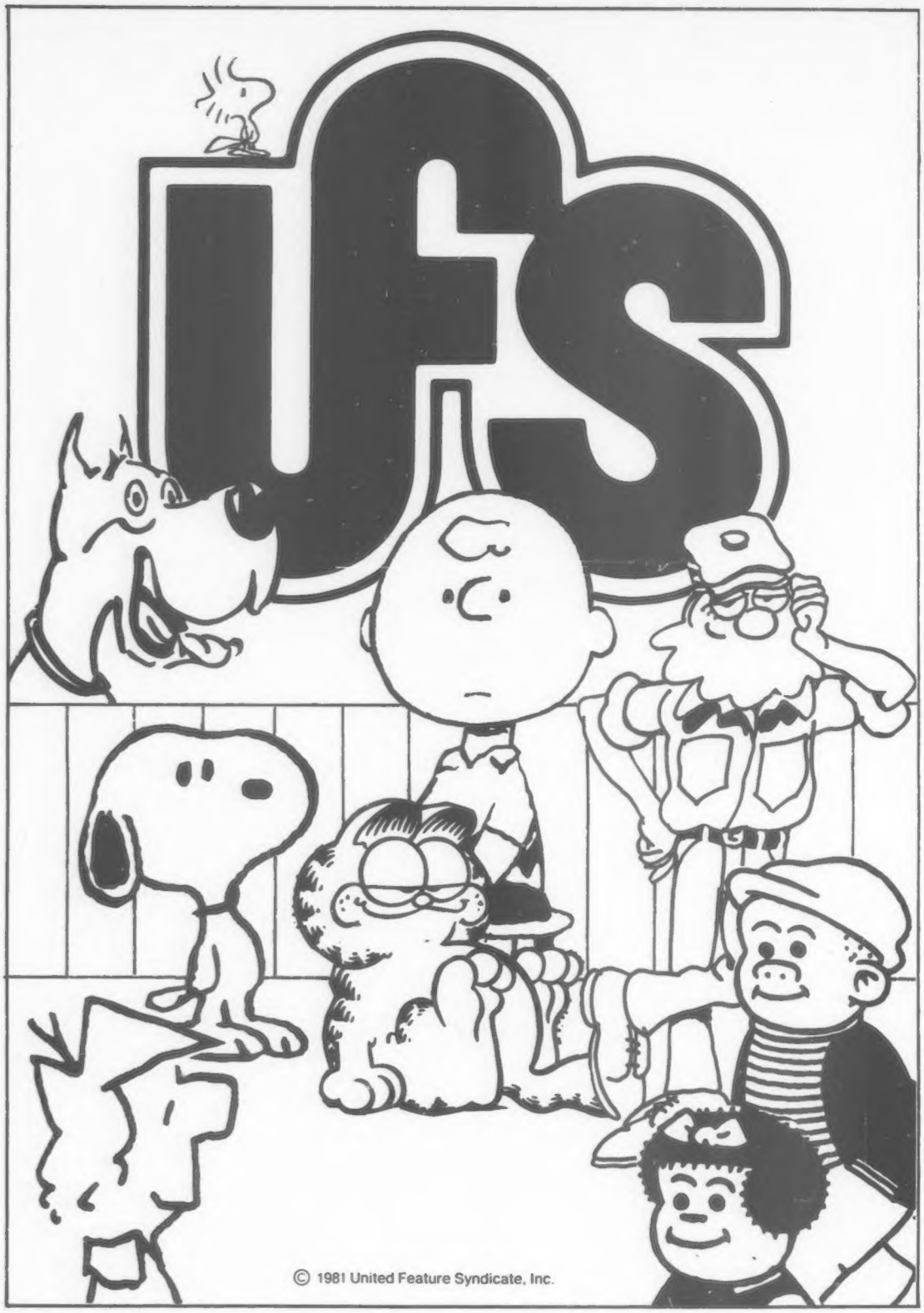

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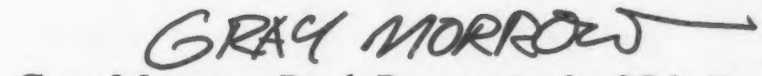

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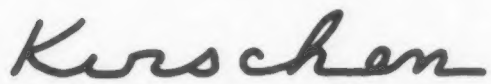

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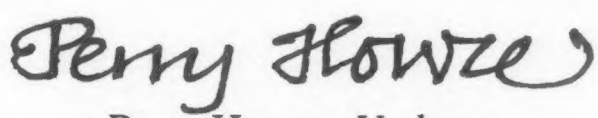

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

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SEPTEMBER 1981, No. 51

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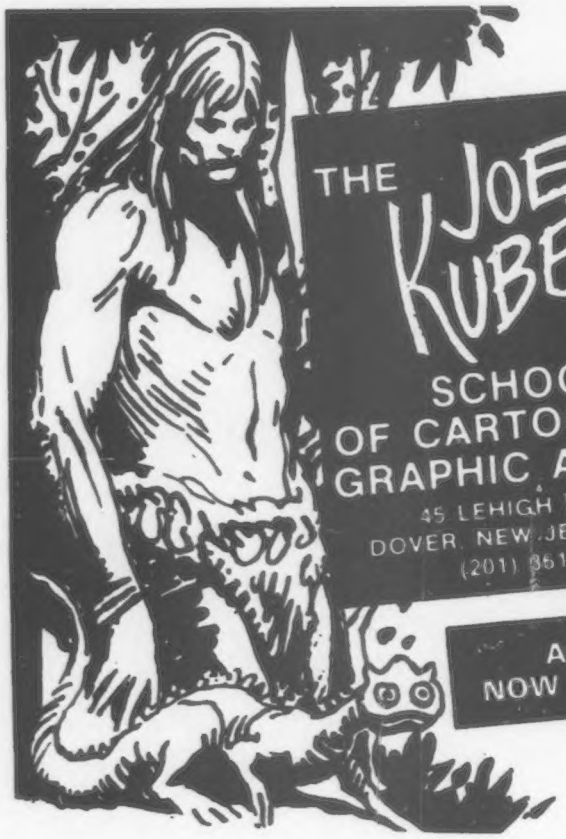

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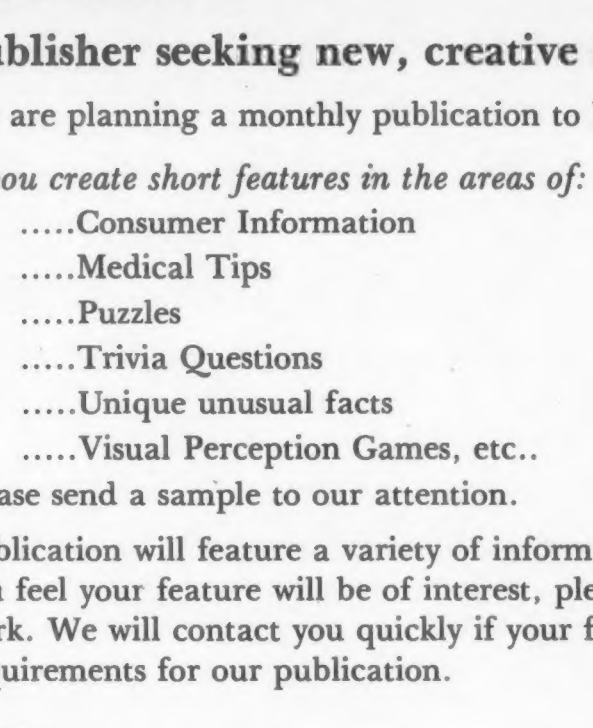

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Jim Henson's MUPPETS™ by GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

This September 21st, Jim Henson's MUPPETS, who have been widely popular on TV and in the movies, will make their debut in a newspaper comic strip distributed by King Features Syndicate!

And this 'prestigious plum' of an assignment, to write and draw the new feature, belongs to two young cartoonist brothers, GUY (24) and BRAD (21) GILCHRIST.

In spite of their youth, starting in 1977 they produced about 40 full-color issues of the comic book, 'Superkernel', for Xerox Publications, and in addition they did five or six best-selling game and joke books for direct-mail book clubs. Even back in the 6th grade, Guy did graphics for the West Hartford, Connecticut Board of Education, and later he did freelance work for insurance companies in the area. Guy didn't attend art school but learned by imitating others — Walt Kelly and Disney were major influences, as were the Terrytoons cartoons, and Will Eisner, Lou Fine, Jack Cole, Mort Walker, and Dik Browne. In fact we learned that the Walt Kelly-ish touch in the Gilchrist work was a factor in the team's selection to write and draw the strip. The brothers live in Farmington, Connecticut. Guy and his wife, Mary, have been married for four years and have a daughter, Lauren, and a son, Garrett.

Brad, who started working with Guy right out of high school, is getting married in September, two days before the strip makes it appearance.

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Q: Will you tell us about the birth of Jim Henson's MUPPETS as a newspaper comic strip?

Guy: Bill Yates, the Comics Editor of King Features, phoned one morning to say that he had been telling Mort (Beetle Bailey) Walker about the number of artists and writers who have been trying out for the MUPPETS plum. Henson and King were looking for somebody with a Walt Kelly-ish style, and since Mort was familiar with my 'Superkernel' drawings, he suggested my name to Bill Yates.

When Bill mentioned the MUPPETS, I went 'bananas' because we had been fans of theirs for years and years. I can remember when they were on the Ed Sullivan Show, and when we were members of the fan club. But the challenge was that I had never really seen any definitive line art of the characters. These are licensed characters but as far as I knew there weren't lots of line drawings available such as existed in the case of Disney or Hanna-Barbera characters.

Brad: To begin with, we wondered why there hadn't already been a Muppet strip, since there was so much variety, and there were so many great characters in the show. We tried to think of what kind of strip *we* would want to read featuring the Muppets.

Guy: I did about six dailies and a Sunday, inked them and took them to Bill Yates. I was told later that King liked

GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

Dear Miss Piggy
Dear Miss Piggy, I hope to be a famous Movie Star, but I'm a little on the heavy side.
Must I pretend to be glamorous, or face facts? (SIGNED) Star At Large.
© 1981 King Features Syndicate, Inc.
Dear LARGE, Sorry dear; I can't relate.
TIKA TIKA TIK
GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

Fozzie Bear

The Swedish Chef

Statler & Waldorf

MUPPET Characters © Henson Associates, Inc. 1981

the strips enough for us to do about twenty or twenty-five more pencil gags to determine how many good ones we could come up with. After King looked these over, they decided that they liked us, and were going to present our material to Henson Associates. A meeting was set up, and we found the most charming people at Henson's that you'd ever want to meet. Michael K. Frith — a true genius — is the Art Director and Design Consultant and he's responsible for the look that is universally the Muppets, from the smallest toy to the grandest poster. Michael, who is also responsible for the look of the strip, has got me drawing like I never knew I could draw!

Michael gave us some suggestions, liked what we were doing, then asked us to do three weeks of dailies and Sundays, and said that Henson Associates would get back to Brad and me, after choosing between us and some other people that they were still considering.

Brad: One of the reasons we were considered is because we're a team, and can write gags and do the drawings — all in one house. A variety of people had been involved in their previous experiments and things just weren't working.

Guy: Brad and I are like one person — we both write, Brad suggests things for the art work which I do, so that when the work goes out, it has one 'feel' although two people have collaborated. Also I think that our enthusiasm, and our unabashed admiration of Jim Henson and of everything that the Muppets are, were big factors in our getting the strip job.

All of this happened around October 1980 and thereafter about once a week for the following three months we'd phone King and pester Bill Yates. Each time he'd say he hadn't heard anything, but that we shouldn't give up hope and should keep thinking. We had done an additional 60 pencil strips and sent them in just to keep things alive, and then just about when it seemed that all hope was lost, we got a call from Hollywood, from Jerry Juhl, who is the head writer for the Muppets, telling us "You've got the job!"

I was afraid that this was a gag, but ran over and told my wife, and Brad, who couldn't believe the news. But it was true and we've been going crazy ever since!

We were brought down to New York from Connecticut by Henson Associates

who have a beautiful Victorian brownstone on the east side of Manhattan. We were put up in a hotel and then met all the people who work for Henson, played with the real Muppets, went over to the photo studio to see how everything is done, and watched videotapes on the Betamax of different shows. For three days we had conferences with Michael about the art work, with Jerry Juhl over the phone, and then, as a crowning touch, on Saturday Jim Henson came in to meet with us. We talked about his feelings, what he wanted the strip to be, and we just had a wonderful time. We got to know what they expected of us, we knew what we wanted to try to do, and it was a great learning session!

I probably learned more from my meetings with Michael, and from talking with Bill Yates about comics, than I had gathered elsewhere during my previous 23 years.

Brad: Basically Henson wanted to meet with us to find out if we were the kind of people he wanted to work with. I think they were looking for people who were young enough to express young ideas, who know the characters inside and out, and who could work comfortably in the Henson organization, because they're really a big family!

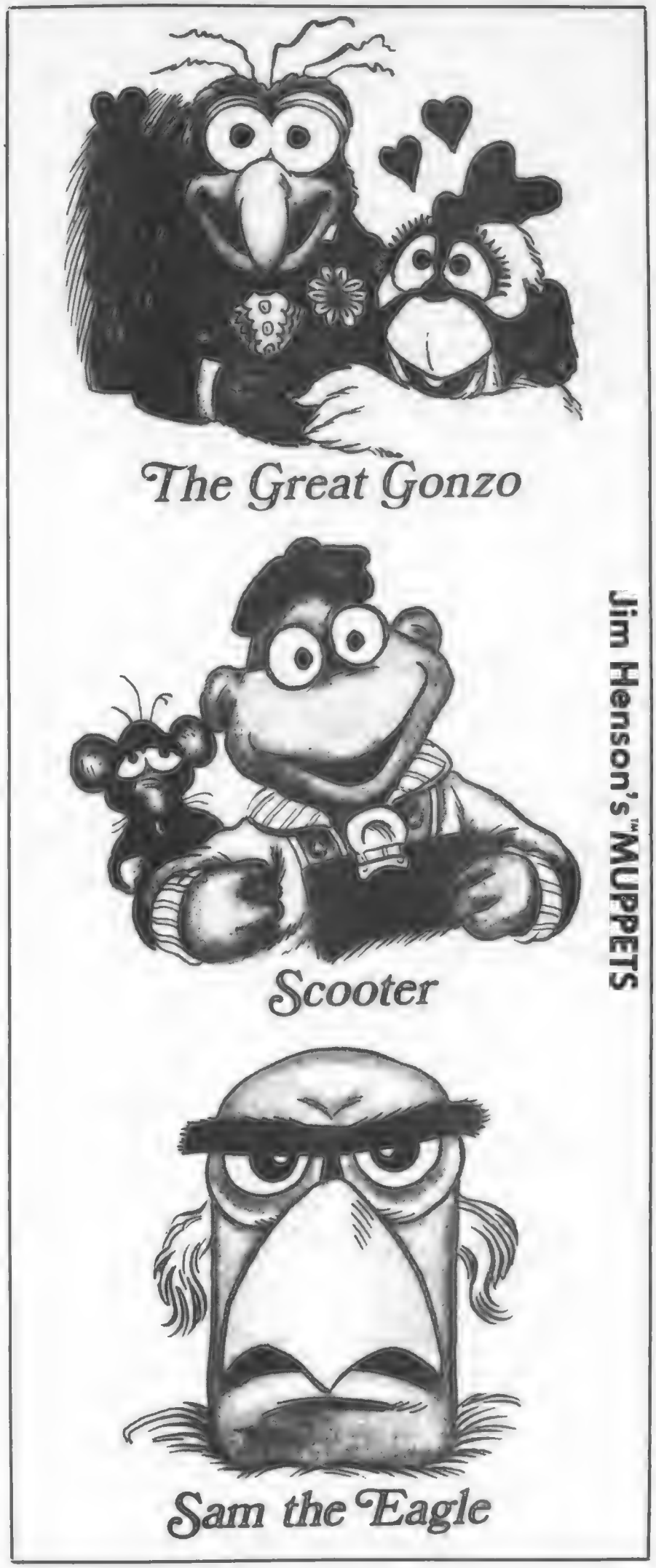
Jud, we've written out some questions that we thought your readers would like to have answered. The first one is — How is the strip prepared and do you have a system?

First of all, Brad and I write gags. It's a gag-a-day strip, however there are themes — such as a production number with Miss Piggy, where she's dressed up as Carmen Miranda — maybe that will go for three or four days.

Brad: And we'll think up a gag-a-day, using the characters dealing with her as Carmen Miranda.

Guy: The important thing for us to remember is that this isn't a soap-opera type of continuity — you needn't have read the strip the day before to understand the strip today.

After Brad and I pick the gags that we like best, I sketch up the ideas about the same size they will appear in the papers. We then send these to Henson Associates where Michael Frith sees them, they are sent to Jerry Juhl out on the coast, they go over to Bill Yates at King, and everybody rates them from 1 to 3. 1 being a best gag. Each of these people may add



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YOU CALL THAT A SONG!? VIRTUALLY NO EXISTING HARMONIC INTEGRITY!!?
THE LYRICS LACK MEANING, EMOTION!! FRANKLY, I FOUND IT LOUD, CHAOTIC AND UTTERLY TASTELESS!
HEY, BROTHERS! I THINK WE'VE GOT A HIT ON OUR HANDS!
HIT! HIT! HIT!
FER SHER REALLY.....
GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

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SCALPEL, NURSE!
SCALPEL, DR. BOB!
QUICK! TWEEZERS!
TWEEZERS, DR. BOB??
YEAH! YOU KNOW I HATE ANCHOVIES!
GEE, DR. BOB... THEY ALWAYS SPEAK HIGHLY OF YOU....
GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

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CONGRATULATIONS, DR. BOB! THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETE BRAIN BYPASS!!!
HOW TRUE, NURSE PIGGY...
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FORTUNATELY, THERE WASN'T MUCH BRAIN TO PASS BY! HAW!
HAW-RAY, DR. BOB... FER SHER....

comments as to how a particular gag might be improved.

Brad: Or they might want us to expand a particular theme with a couple of strips leading up to a certain subject.

Guy: The big requirement with Henson, or Yates, or Juhl is *character*. The gags must fit the Muppets personality who's involved.

When we get the gags back I begin to do a really tight pencil — tighter than I've ever had to work — because Michael Frith wants to see exactly what things are going to look like before the inking is done. We send the pencils to him and then it's primarily his job to look over the art work, make sure that the characters look right, that the right characters are saying the right things, and to just generally make things tough on us around here. He's a comic genius and he really brings out the best in Brad and me. He'll send his comments, using a blue line, and then I'll do an ink. Once it's inked, it goes back to Henson for approval, and then is sent to King. This process sounds pretty complicated but the reason for going through it all is that the Muppets are a real class act. These characters, made of cloth, are part of the Henson Associates family, and they're real people as far as everyone is concerned because there are real people behind them.

Brad: Each character has feelings and you can stretch them so far, using various comic devices, but the characters still have to come back to being themselves.

Guy: Another question we've written down for ourselves to answer is: How do you write gags?

The emphasis is on *character*. Memorable strips of course should have sure-fire gags, but you don't remember them a year from now. What you *do* remember is the crystal-clear clarity of the characters themselves. Take Miss Piggy and her undying love for Kermit, who's so timid — it's a suffocating kind of love — and all you have to do is put those two together and you've got a strip right there — it writes itself. You can picture the characters saying things, and doing things, and all of a sudden you've got a week's worth of ideas. Since Brad does most of the writing, he ought to add to what I've said.

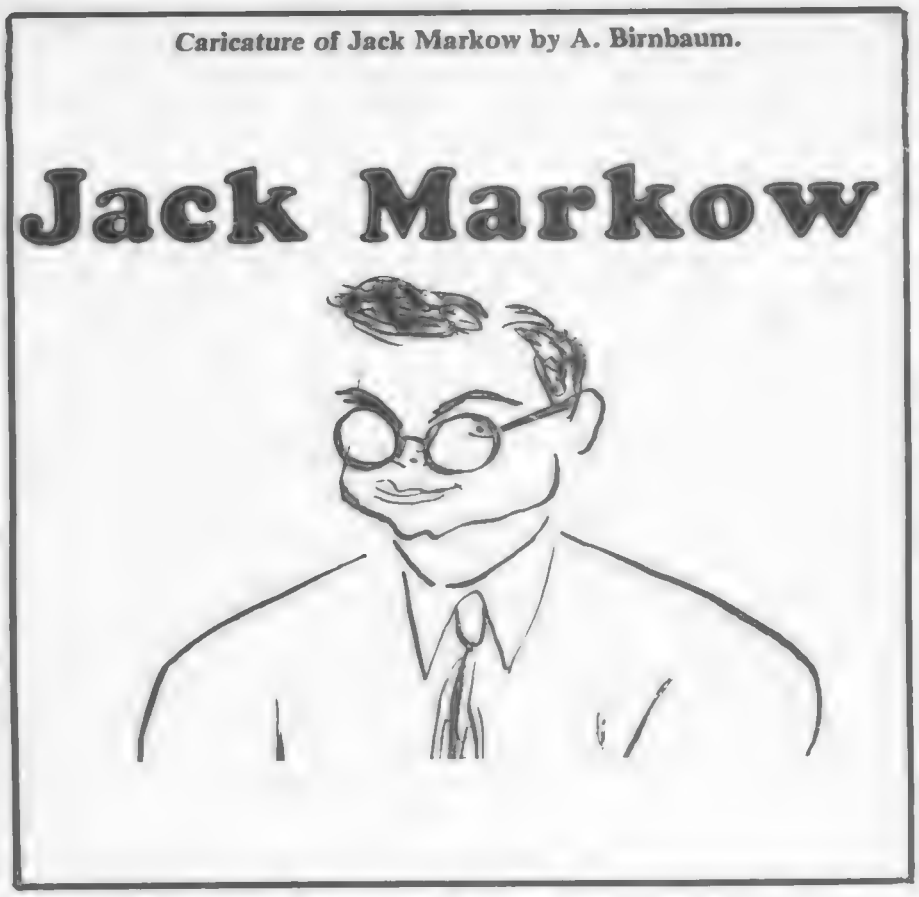
Brad: Whether I'm watching TV, or am with people, suddenly a scene may come into my mind, and if I think that the Muppets might be involved, I try to figure out how it could be made funny.

I try to write at least 3-weeks-worth of good gags a week. Hopefully there'll be some seeds of something good in these, so we'll talk to Jerry Juhl who may say, "Why don't you go off in this direction for a week?" Then we'll work on this particular slant for a while.

Guy: The characters are not drawn photographically — they are a caricature of the 3-dimensional Muppet figures. And, by the way, we've designed the strip so that the characters and their relationships are understandable to the newspaper reader, whether he has ever seen the TV show or the movie. Jim Henson himself takes a great interest in the strip and approves every one, and in fact we got a telegram from him from London a couple of weeks ago, saying how much he likes it, and encouraging us to keep up the good work. ●

KERMIT! I HAVE A LETTER HERE FROM JEANE DIXON!
SHE IS SHOCKED AND APPALLED AT THE CONTENT OF A PARTICULAR STRIP!
WHICH ONE, SAM?
© 1981 King Features Syndicate, Inc.
UMM... TOMORROW'S.
GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

Caricature of Jack Markow by A. Birnbaum.



Caricature by Daumier

Thi . . . (Thiers), lithograph. Collection Benjamin A. and Julia M. Trustman, Brandeis Universitv. Waltham, Mass.

Caricature is a skill possessed by both the amateur and the professional. Ask a child to draw a picture of "mom" or "pop" and this embryonic artist will come up with a penetrating portrait of the parent. "Teacher" will also get the full treatment being completely drawn and quartered. The child's sketch quickly hits the mark. Lacking formal training, a youngster's approach to the victim is naive, uninhibited primitive. The result, never-the-less is simple, direct — and usualiy remarkably good.

Writers, musicians, and actors in particular, have been intrigued by this form of art perhaps because they have associated with caricature specialists and/or have become the subjects of their devastating portraits. Famous amateurs who have enjoyed satirizing facial features of friends include Enrico Caruso and Xavier Cugat.

A dictionary definition of "caricature": "Grotesque or ludicrous representation by exaggeration of parts as in a portrait, etc." Jumping from the young to the old — actually to the old masters — we find many well-known painters who indulged in the grotesque: Leonardo da Vinci, Pieter Bruegel, Albrecht Durer, and the bizarre Hieronymus Bosch, to name a few. In fact, DaVinci's 15th century exaggerations were not new since caricature dates back to caveman drawings.

The latter part of the 18th century brought social upheavals and also improved printing methods. With the beginning of newspaper and periodical publishing, painters turned en masse to the multiple print. Satirical drawing, of which caricature was a part, flourished. Thus , we have a legacy of engravings and etchings by Hogarth, Goya, and Rowlandson. Later, Daumier not only produced political cartoons and social-scene panels (called gag cartoons today) but also executed individual caricature-lithographs of politicos of his day. Other French painters of those times attracted to humorous likenesses were Steinlen, Forain, Gavarni and Toulouse-Lautrec. I happened to be in Barcelona ten years ago when an exhibition of Picasso's very early work — his first show in Spain since the Spanish Civil War — was on view. Here were his sketches recording his youth in Paris. Illustrative street scenes were prominent showing strong influences of Manet and Degas. Equally eye-popping were caricatures of friends he ripped off in cafes and restaurants.

Daumier's approach to his laugh-provoking caricatures was quite serious. He first carefully modeled his heads in clay. Appropriate lighting and the advantage of studying his clay model from all angles served as a fine aid for the completed drawing on the flat lithograph surface.(clay-sculpted caricatures were used as a gimmick by artists many years later — the heads photographed and printed in magazines). The caricatures of Daumier's day and in later years were done semi-realistically with complete tonality — the smaller forms with their light and shadow neatly and cleverly interlocked within the larger head-shape. While Daumier obtained tonality with the lithograph pencil, others like Gillray, Crui kshank, Tenniel, Leech, and our own Thomas Nast manipulated light and dark with pen strokes. The large head attached to a tiny body was freely used.

As decades went by, caricatures flattened out and became more decorative in drawing with emphasis on the outline. Drawings by the English satirist, Sir Max Beerbohm, are examples of this change. By the 1920's the full figure was employed in caricature portraits, not just the head. Large noggin plus small body became taboo and was considered "pure corn". Caricature mirrored modern art of the period with its freedom. Apparently, the use of the full figure provided more flexibility in characterization. Pin-heads and stretched out torsos were the key to character when appropriate; or drawing both a squat head and body could give a quick clue to the individual portrayed. Gesture and action became part of the total satirical depiction. Economy of means was the keynote: the simple outline plus symbols — almost stenographic for facial features — with the addition of

One of a series of grotesque heads by Leonardo Da Vinci (1452-1519)

good design, brought orders for caricatures.

This mode of caricature seemed to be with us forever, but changing trends in the arts and crafts are inevitable. Suddenly, David Levine appeared with realistic, fully modeled drawings. With large domes and miniscule torsos, no less! The art had come around full circle. This school which includes Edward Sorel and others has taken over during the past twenty years. Shades of Daumier and Nast! This newer crop, however, must be congratulated on its choice of past influences. Their drawings combine the qualities of fine likeness, irony, humor, sensitive draftsmanship, form, and technique and become almost as good as those done by the old masters of caricature.

The golden period for display of caricaturists' talents extended from the

OTTO H. KAHN—
New Yorker caricature by Ralph Barton.

1920's to the 1940's.

There were a dozen newspapers in New York City and countless others throughout the country — many employing at least one caricaturist. Weekly magazines such as *Life, Judge,* and *The New Yorker* printed these "funny faces". Ralph Barton who produced decorative, outlined drawings augmented by flat washes or color, was well-known for his double-page spreads for *Judge* and his theatre curtains for Broadway shows each containing multiple funny portraits of celebrities. Satirical likenesses by Covarrubias and William Cotton could be seen in *Vanity Fair;* they also worked for *The New Yorker* as did newspaper men like William Auerbach-Levy, Al Frueh, and A. Birnbaum. Frueh appeared in *The World* with drawings of every opening play. Birnbaum did his stint for the *World-Telegram.* This included numerous drawings each weekday and Sunday covering new plays, new movies, and radio shows (TV was only a gleam in CBS's eye then; otherwise that would have been an added assignment). As a free-lance, he was paid by the column-width; some of the drawings stretched across the entire page (eight columns). Considering the mass of new plays and movies in those days, his weekly check must have been beautiful to behold — especially during the Depression years. Another bonus: going backstage to sketch, he met many

actors and some of these contacts resulted in lifelong friendships with men like E. G. Robinson, Sam Jaffe, Paul Douglas, John Huston, and Zero Mostel. Despite the money, after several years of comic reporting for newspapers, Birnbaum found the task too hectic and went on to cover, spot, and caricature assignments for *The New Yorker*.

I watched him making some of these Profile drawings for that magazine. His method: Starting with a semi-realistic impression, there was a succession of sketches, each in turn eliminating excessive detail; these became gradually wilder until a combination of resemblance and design was reached. Sometimes he was lucky enough to get this fusion after only a few tries; at times, it took as many as fifty redrawings. Once the likeness had been established, the artist's style and the technique he was noted for, came into the picture. Birnbaum's technique was a line that varied from the very thin to the fairly thick, done with a croquil pen point. Looseness of drawing, a seemingly nonchalant manner, and simplicity brought individuality to his caricatures.

Al Hirschfeld, whose satirical portraits of theatre people have been appearing in *The New York Times* for over 50 years, while equally adept at achieving a likeness, spends much time in dressing up the final drawing. The outlined pen-work is delicate, even, and smooth; there is much detail in hair-dos, clothing, textures, patterns on costumes, walls and furniture, and careful spotting of blacks. The overall picture: a style equally as individual as Birnbaum's — fully designed and decorative. There you have it: A humorous resemblance, a biting commentary on a person converted into a composition easy to look at, with its design, tones and technique individually styled — *that* spells caricature for reproduction.

This writer at one time unexpectedly fell into the world of caricature. Toting my portfolio of samples through the publishing district, I sauntered into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity offices hoping to get an assignment drawing "spots". I did not have a single example of caricature in my portfolio but judging my technique and design, the art director decided I could do caricature. Entering an office "cold" and getting an

Mickey Rooney as he appeared on the 'Andy Hardy' movie posters.

©MGM

immediate assignment, and especially a long-running one as this turned out to be, is extremely rare. Most often you strike out. I often wonder what triggered these unexpected "jobs". Starting out as a freelancer, I once got a big advertising job from the AD of a large agency. Was it because we found we had studied (at different periods) with the same instructor at the Art Students League? As for MGM, was it because the art director happened to be the brother of the art critic of the *N.Y. Herald-Tribune* who may have seen my lithographs in exhibitions. I don't see the tie-in since my prints were Depression-era scenes.

However, I received a succession of photos of MGM stars of the day — Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Rosalind Russell and Ann Rutherford — to be converted into comic form, and this was quite a challenge. Marjorie Main was a cinch, and so was Wallace Beery (if you're unfamiliar with these faces, see TV's reruns of reruns). These giant glossies I was given for inspiration were not much help. One problem in using photos is that the tricks of lighting, make-up, and pose tend to dim the artist's perception in search of outstanding characteristics of the model. Shots showing the figure in various positions are a greater help. Better yet is finding a movie house which shows a film featuring your model in living color and movement. Today, television is a fine aid; for example, a one-hour speech by the President provides the artist with ample time to complete many studies. Needless to say, glamour girls are tough to do and one must skirt the cuteness, the hair-do, the impeccable grooming and alluring pose to get to the heart of what there is to cartoon. Anyone handsome and youthful is a difficult study. I was one of a team of four cartoonists who sketched the Vietnam War wounded on a USO tour through hospitals in Tokyo, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Guam. Most of the patients were very young with regular features. They were not neglected, but when on occasion we heard that there was a much older hard-bitten sergeant in the ward, we all rushed to that bed to be the first to get at that more "interesting" model.

My several-year assignment with MGM was doing the "Andy Hardy" series of pictures (and there were many) principally caricaturing Mickey Rooney. Rooney recently has been revived. As I see him today on TV commercials advertising his "Sugar Babies" I am reminded of my struggle a few decades ago to get a reasonably good comic facsimile of Mickey's face. The drawings were done in full color to be blown up to fit billboards — from 2- sheet to 24-sheet. Al Hirschfeld and I shared this project. The first drawings were tough and as I drew and drew into the night, I could imagine Al with his greater experience in caricature, having long since completed his stint and departed his studio, having had a leisurely six-course dinner, and now sitting comfortably with coffee and cigar.

Yes, caricature can be frustrating. The design and technique part is relatively easy. However, the drawing is useless without a recognizable likeness. I've toiled into the wee hours juggling and spacing facial features to achieve this,

Covarrubias caricature for the New Yorker.

"DIAMOND LIL"

This is Mae West herself as the lovely Queen of the Bowery in the rowdy play at the Royale.

"SIMPLE SIMON"

For those of our readers who were born during the past week, we will explain that the above is a picture of Ed Wynn.

Al Frueh New Yorker caricature.

gone to bed thinking I had it just right — only to wake up the next morning with that fresh eye to discover I had produced a dud. Then (sob !) it's back to the drawing board. But then, at times it's a big thrill to catch that elusive likeness within a few minutes.

Ability to caricature is a useful tool in producing sports and political cartoons. The editorial cartoonist dreams of elected officials with outstanding features easily converted into symbols that mirror the person portrayed. A nice potbelly, a strange nose, heavy eyebrows, a peculiar moustache and such are part of the dream. If cartoonists were polled about their choice of a presidential candidate I believe they would pick the most eccentric-looking individual. In the past, FDR with his smile, jaw, and prop of cigarette holder, DeGaulle with his prominent nose, LBJ complete with huge ears were assets that helped ease the cartoonist's plight. Talk about the tail wagging the dog. Obviously, it's not necessary for the bland-faced politician to rush to a plastic surgeon in order to help the cartoonist. Growing a Lincolnesque beard or a walrus moustache may be simpler and helpful — but why? The more talented editorial man will solve any problem. JFK was considered too handsome to caricature. Many cartoonists' efforts were flops but discerning ones like Herblock quickly acquired the proper symbols for funny portraits of him. And notice the job today's cartoonists are doing on Reagan.

The caricature-portrait is still very much with us at present. The slack of diminishing newspapers has been taken up by rising usage of these drawings in magazines including the covers of some like *Newsweek* and *Time*. Record covers also provide an outlet. In addition, many newspaper syndicates offer caricature features. Extra bonuses for artists such as David Levine are collected works in books, and exhibitions in prestigious galleries. On a recent trip to London I visited the National Portrait Gallery which contains portraits of Britain's prominent people long since departed. There were the usual mammoth, slick, flattering paintings of kings and other luminaries. Among all this stuffiness I was amazed to find simple caricatures and drawings of famous men and women most of whom had been in the Arts. Outside the gallery, street artists were drawing and peddling instant caricatures at one pound a head. Surprisingly, there were more people watching them than there were on all the floors inside the gallery.

The Economist

Right, who's next?

A Kallaugher Cover (Full Color on The ECONOMIST)

FAST BREAK!

KEVIN KALLAUGHER

Each young person who aspires to the cartooning profession follows a different path to his or her goal, and following is an account of the very interesting one followed by KEVIN KALLAUGHER, who started at a 'Find Yourself' program in school, studied animation at Harvard, played with a British basketball team, and is now the political cartoonist and caricaturist for THE ECONOMIST magazine in London, England.

Q: I understand that your first interest in art was sparked by a school 'Find Yourself' program when you were about 13.

A: Yes, a number of people in various lines of work participated and you could spend a couple of days at the office or studio of the person in whose profession you were interested. I spent my time with a commercial artist and the thing that impressed me the most was that he seemed to be having such a great time doing his work! When you're 13 I guess you think that the 9-to-5 routine of grownups is bound to be boring, but just the opposite seemed to be true in the case of this artist. So this profession really looked good to me.

Of course I doodled a lot in school, and as soon as I got to high school I started to do cartoons for the school paper. But I think the critical turn for me occurred when I found out about the Museum of Cartoon Art in Greenwich. By this time I was going to Harvard and was doing some cartoons and caricatures of teachers and friends there but what really prompted me to learn a lot about the field was my meeting with Brian Walker and Chuck Green at the Museum. I met cartoonists down there, had a chance to read a lot about the profession, see a lot of different styles, and I acquired a knowledge of what it took to get into cartooning.

Q: What did you major in at Harvard?

A: In 'Visual and Environmental Studies', which was their 'Art' degree. I think I had sort of a 'first' there when I did an animated cartoon as my senior thesis. Harvard, being academically oriented, didn't quite like the idea of letting someone do a cartoon for his degree. I got started with animation after I had been doing a weekly strip in the 'Harvard Crimson' called 'In the Days of Disgustus'. It was about Rome and Caesar Disgustus. At that point I decided, in my Junior year to make a 5-minute black and white animated cartoon, using my characters from this strip.

Then, for my senior thesis I did a 13-minute cartoon in full color.

Q: One doesn't usually think of Harvard as a place where you'd go to study *art*.

A: They've just developed that department in the past ten years. When I first got there, they didn't have a lot of courses in this field, but they were expanding rapidly, and I ended up taking 'Life Drawing', 'Sculpture', 'Painting', and 'Design' — studio courses, in other words. Then you have a "Media" course, which in my case was 'Film Animation'.

Q: I assume since you made several animated films at Harvard that the school was well-equipped in that area.

A: Yes — in fact their animation department was probably better equipped technically than any other department in the Art Field. They had a $50,000 animation camera, a sound room, complete with sound technician, and so on. As you know, if I wanted to make an animated film now, it would cost me thousands of dollars. So I realized how great it was as a student to have access to all this equipment as part of my course. My enthusiasm was sparked further when the school had a big animation event, during my junior year, which was covered by the media. As part of this 'festival', I stood on the podium facing the President who appeared in my animated cartoon on a screen right beside me. We conducted a news conference and I had timed my cartoon so that when I asked a question, his answer would be given in very natural fashion. Also I had some of my stooges in the audience who would holler, "Mr. President — Mr. President," and would then be recognized by the animated cartoon President who would reply to their questions.

Q: For the benefit of others who might be interested in the same type of course you took, did you have a lot of other courses not specifically pertaining to art?

A: Yes, economics and history courses, and so on. And I graduated in 1977.

Q: What happened after Harvard?

A: Just a week after I finished, I got a job through people from the school, leading a five-week bicycle tour for fifteen teenage Americans through England and Scotland.

Q: I recall your saying that you got involved in basketball after the bicycle tour.

A: Right. I had played in prep school, was on the freshman and junior varsity teams at Harvard, and was on an A.A.U. team there which played the Puerto Rican Olympic team, toured Portugal, and got around quite a bit. I had spent summers teaching at basketball camps in the past, and right after the bicycle tour, I spent a week teaching at a camp in England. Then I took off on my bicycle for a month-and-a-half, and finally arrived in Dublin where I received a letter from the Brighton

The Brighton Basketball Club

Basketball Club, asking me if I'd like to play for them during the following year in the English National League. I wasn't a superstar but I think what was important for the English was that I wasn't asking for any money, and that I was willing to do a lot of coaching. Pretty soon after I joined them, the team ran out of money, but I was still willing to stay because I enjoyed the idea of a working holiday. We were in a league which required our traveling all over England, and we played in international tournaments in France, Germany and Scotland.

But, as I said, the team treasury ran dry and I was doing any job I could to get money. However I knew that I wanted to do cartoons and I had sort of a portfolio — more or less a paper bag full of cartoons that I'd done at school. I knew someone that put me in touch with an art agent in London and I learned slowly but surely about the markets there. I got hold of a list of all the magazines and newspapers in London — I had no idea as to who was who — and I just went from one to the other. Because there aren't as many people making the rounds over there as there are in the States, a cartoonist can generally get in to see an editor personally, rather than having to drop off work which will be looked at later. Most of them said, "Well, we can't help you but have you tried at so-and-so's?" Finally, I went in to THE ECONOMIST which I had never heard of, incidentally. While I was waiting for an interview, I looked through several copies, and all of a sudden realized what a serious magazine it was. I had strips and gag cartoons with me which I immediately discarded, leaving just one sheet of caricatures that I had done of Harvard professors. They seemed to be interested, wanted to show them around to some of the editors, and said they'd get back to me. I hadn't expected to hear from them but as it turned out, half of the editors had either gone to Harvard, or knew the professors I'd caricatured personally! So they thought my stuff was great and said they'd give me a trial run. As a coincidence, they were actually looking for a cartoonist and caricaturist, since they were expanding their visual format. Ten years before, they hadn't had a single photograph in the whole magazine. The trial run worked out O.K. and I've been with them ever since.

Q: What's your schedule like, Kevin?

A: The Economist goes to press early Thursday morning (it's a weekly) so I go into the office on Wednesday afternoon and don't leave until I've finished whatever work I have to do . . . which can be two or three caricatures per issue.

Several things determine what caricatures I do — first of all, the nature of the stories in a given issue — second, how much space is available — and third, what sort of photographs they have. Given a really good photograph of somebody that tells the story in itself, they'd prefer not to have a caricature or a political cartoon. Normally I'm in the office for about 12 hours on a Wednesday at The Economist, but if I'm doing a cover or other work longer in advance, I'll go in some other days during the week as well. I do a lot of freelance work for other British publications, but I do most of this work at home.

Q: The name, 'The Economist' is a little deceiving, isn't it?

A: Yes — it's not a magazine for economists — It's an international newsmagazine that primarily deals with what's going on in politics around the world. It gives very comprehensive coverage of happenings in practically every corner of the globe. It does contain small sections that deal with economic matters, and originally I think it was set up as sort of an economics magazine. People in England tend to think of it more in terms of the other services that The Economist puts out — economic books and quarterly reports on different industries.

One of their policies is that nobody signs any of the articles or the art work so I don't put a

signature on my work. But, incidentally, I do insert my name secretively in each drawing and the management is aware of this.

Q: What's the usual routine before you settle finally on the caricatures you'll do for a given issue?

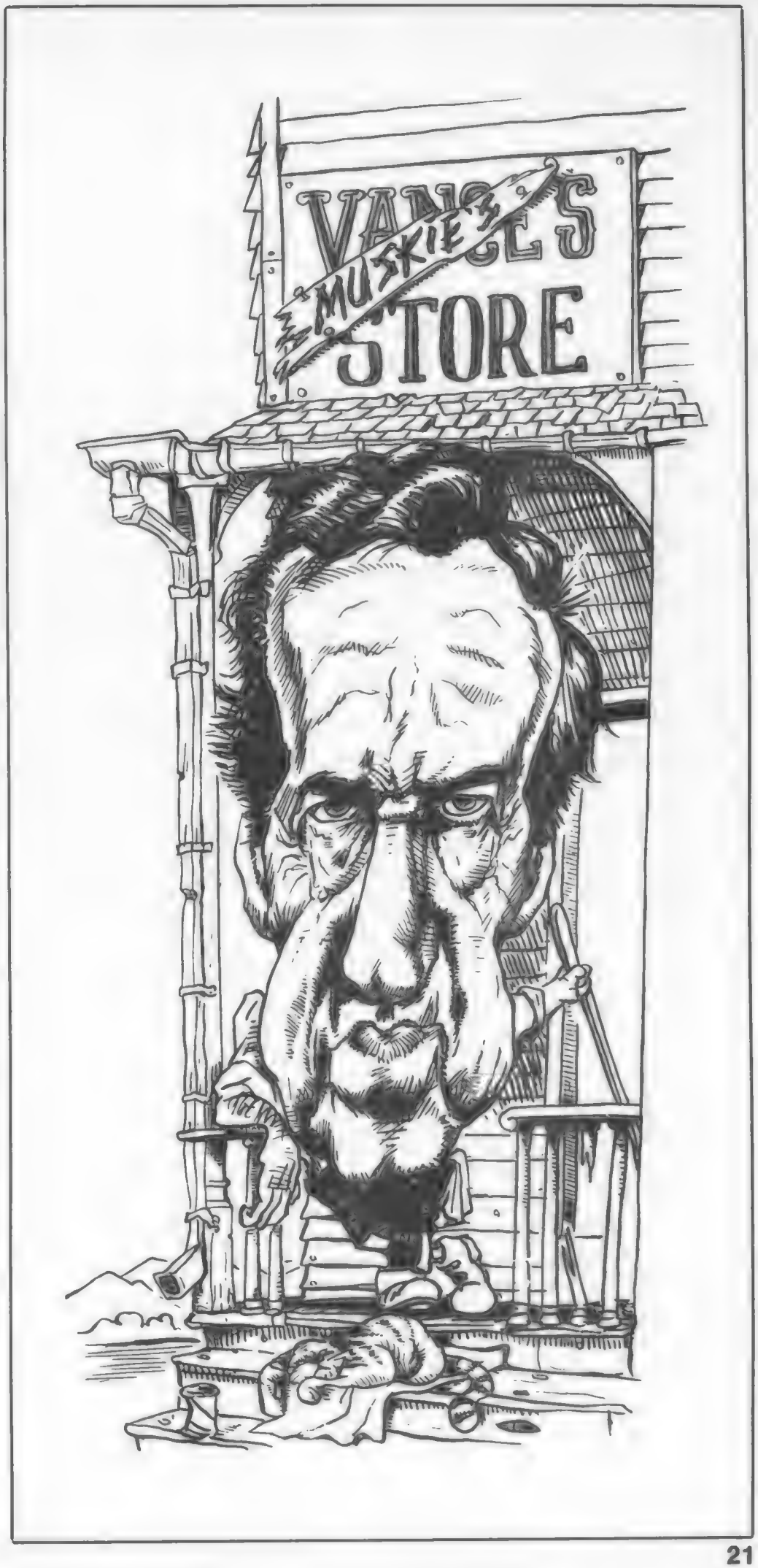
A: The photo editor and the art editor have a list of all the various stories that will appear in the issue. I read the stories, and after some discussion I will sketch 4 or 5 versions of a drawing that seems to be appropriate for one of the stories. As time has gone on, the various editors have shown more and more confidence in my judgment on these matters. I will then go to the editor of the department that my drawing refers to, and we will discuss the several versions I've drawn. When we decide on the best one, I go ahead. I seldom do just a 'portrait-type' caricature — almost always my drawing shows the individual, or individuals in question, involved in some action that the story has suggested. Occasionally, if I have to do a series on Middle East leaders, I will just do a portrait of each of the heads of state, but generally the subject is *doing* something.

Q: Does the caricaturist see people differently than the average person does?

A: People often say to a caricaturist, "I wish I could see the world as *you* see it!" They see the same details, when looking at a particular person, that the caricaturist does, but they haven't learned to describe, or draw, these details with as much accuracy or precision as he can. They may remember that the subject wore glasses, but the caricaturist will remember the specific shape, or angle of the glasses, exactly how they rested on the subject's nose, and so on. But to do a *really accurate* caricature, the caricaturist *still* relies on being guided by a photo as he's doing his drawing.

I think one of the most important aspects to caricature is the shape of the subject's head. You can recognize somebody from behind, or from the side, and at a distance you don't see what the nose or the eyes look like — it's the shape of the head that counts. If you don't get this shape right from the very first, you've already lost the character.

Sallon, the English caricaturist says that the whole world is divided into two types of people — mouth people and nose people. When any of us are looking at people, we watch the eyes, nose, and mouth I guess. When a subject is talking, we're more apt to watch his mouth than his eyes, so we have a good idea how his mouth works. As for noses, I feel that unless they're exceptionally different, I tend to forget what noses look like.



HENRY
KISSINGER

Q: What types do you especially like to caricature?

A: A great people to caricature are the French. As anyone who speaks the language knows, mouth movements are entirely different from mouth movements when one is speaking English, so this is a very important point to remember. The French also have a kind of sparkle in the eyes which differentiates that feature from typical English eyes. And body movements differ from one nationality to another.

Q: Obviously, as time goes on, you're required to do a number of caricatures of the same politician, let's say. Does this make it very much easier for you, the second time around?

A: Not really. I usually try to do a completely new one. Often it happens that I may need to do a prominent person in a big hurry, just before a deadline, and I'm not completely satisfied with the result. So I welcome the opportunity to improve my interpretation the next time around, and like to start from scratch.

Q: Are the editors at The Economist sensitive about your caricaturing the Royal Family?

A: They don't tend to do things with the Royal Family since they aren't usually newsworthy in their eyes. I've only done Prince Charles once, and that was when he went down to see Mugabe in Africa. The editors sometimes *are* sensitive to the way I've done a particular person or politician, such as the time someone said, "Wish you hadn't made him look so mean!"

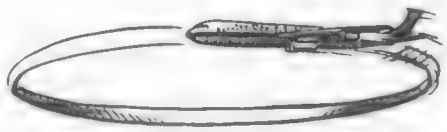
Q: I'm sure that The Economist has a tremendous collection of photographs which you can call on whenever you need a particular person.

A: Yes they do, and they can also, in an emergency, get something they don't have from one of the numerous photo agencies in London. But problems do arise at times when I'm doing some obscure character. Once the editors asked me to do two of the leaders of Albania which doesn't let the Western world have *any* photographs if they can help it. But I did have one picture of each of these gentlemen. For the purposes of my drawing, I needed to have them both looking around the corner of a door, but looking in the same direction in profile. But in one of the photos, the subject was looking to the right, and in the other one the subject was looking toward the left. As you know, each person's right-side profile differs from his left-side profile, particularly in the way their hair appears, so I really had to work on that Albania job!

On another occasion, when Jimmy Carter changed the part in his hair from one side of his head to the other, a lot of havoc was caused among caricaturists. The change *does* make him look different enough, under certain circumstances, so that readers wouldn't necessarily recognize him. People at The Economist weren't aware that Carter had done this, but I had read about it in The Herald Tribune, so I said, "We've *got* to get photos of him with his hair parted on the other side!" They couldn't believe it would be important until they got some new photographs made. At that point they admitted that he *did* look quite a bit different.

Q: Were you pretty well aware of the subtleties of English politics when you first went over there?

A: No, I was very naive politically and anyhow I was thinking more in terms of gag cartooning — not political cartooning. But through asking a lot of questions of people over there in general, I think I now have a very solid grasp of the English system of politics, and particularly of the differences between that and the American system. The general public in England is a lot more politically aware than the American public, more aware of the alternatives in their system. The American system is definitely pro-capitalist while in England you have a capitalist party, and then a socialist party. So people have to be really aware of the implications of voting somebody in. Politics creep into everybody's small talk over there, and so I've learned a lot since I've lived there. One Englishman explained his view of the American system to a friend: "In America they have the Republican Party which corresponds to our Conservative Party. And then they have the Democratic Party which corresponds to our Conservative Party!"



Britain's trade secretary Mr John Nott

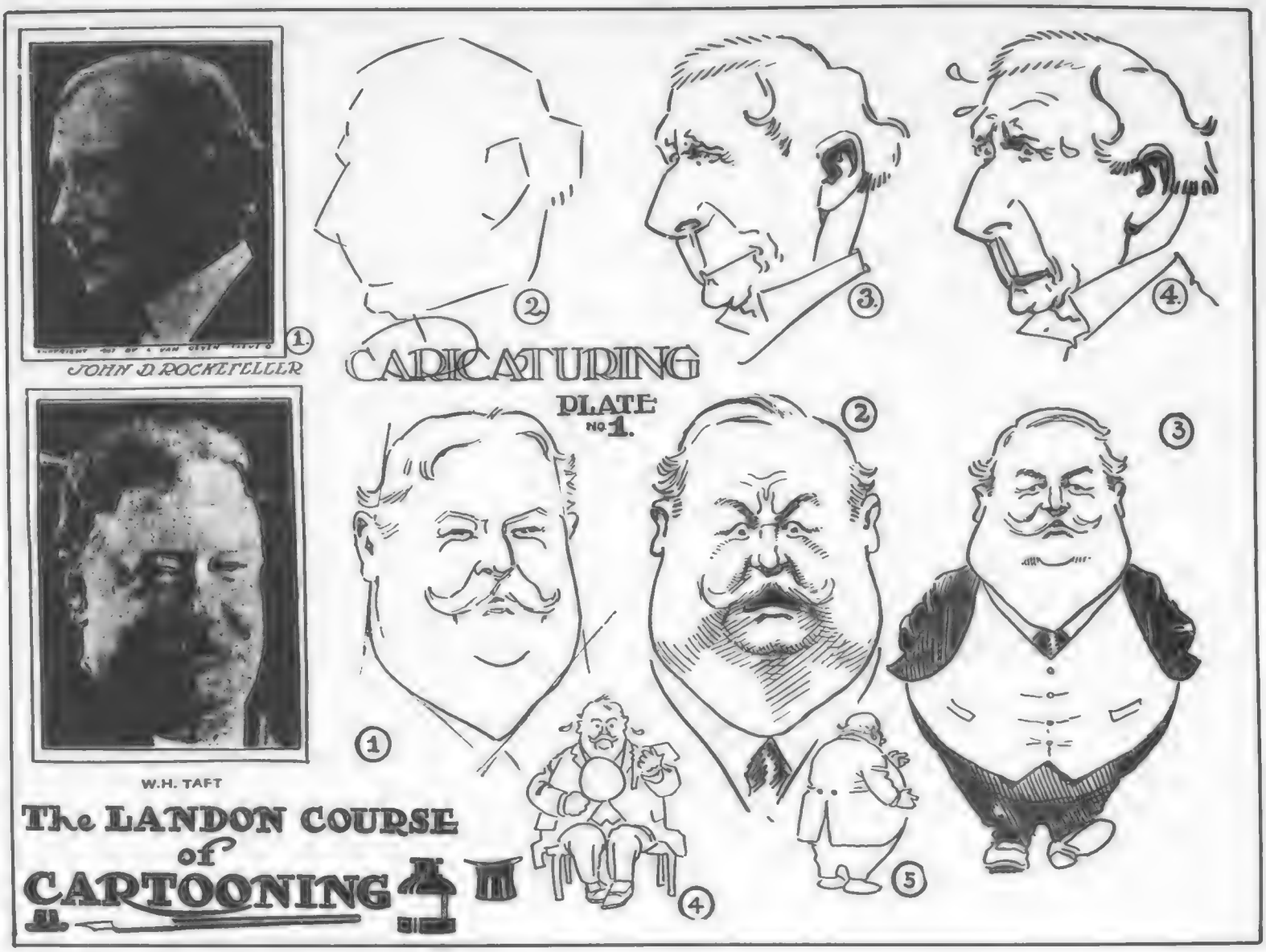
General Zia

WAR CORRESPONDENT, SYNDICATE PRESIDENT, OIL PAINTER, CARTOONIST!

This past summer we were delighted to hear that BOYD LEWIS, the former President of the Newspaper Enterprise Association (NEA), has written an autobiography entitled "Not Always A Spectator." Although Boyd's editorial guidance extended over everything included in the NEA full service to newspapers, cartoonists always enjoyed a particularly warm and understanding rapport with him, because he was a cartoonist himself!

Here is a quote from one of the chapters in the new book: "As a boy in grammar school in Massachusetts, I had subscribed to the famed C.N. Landon Correspondence Course in cartooning. Older readers may remember a small advertisement in the back pages of magazines, with a profile of Uncle Sam and the intriguing legend: "Draw me." You were urged to copy the sketch of Uncle Sam and send it to Landon in Cleveland, Ohio, for evaluation. I do not know if every applicant was found to have indisputable talent worth developing in 10 mailed lessons at $2.50 a month. I only know that Landon quickly accepted my fees and gave me more than my money's worth in personalized instruction for that puny sum. Years later, I learned that Landon had been the art director of NEA at the time he ran his correspondence courses.

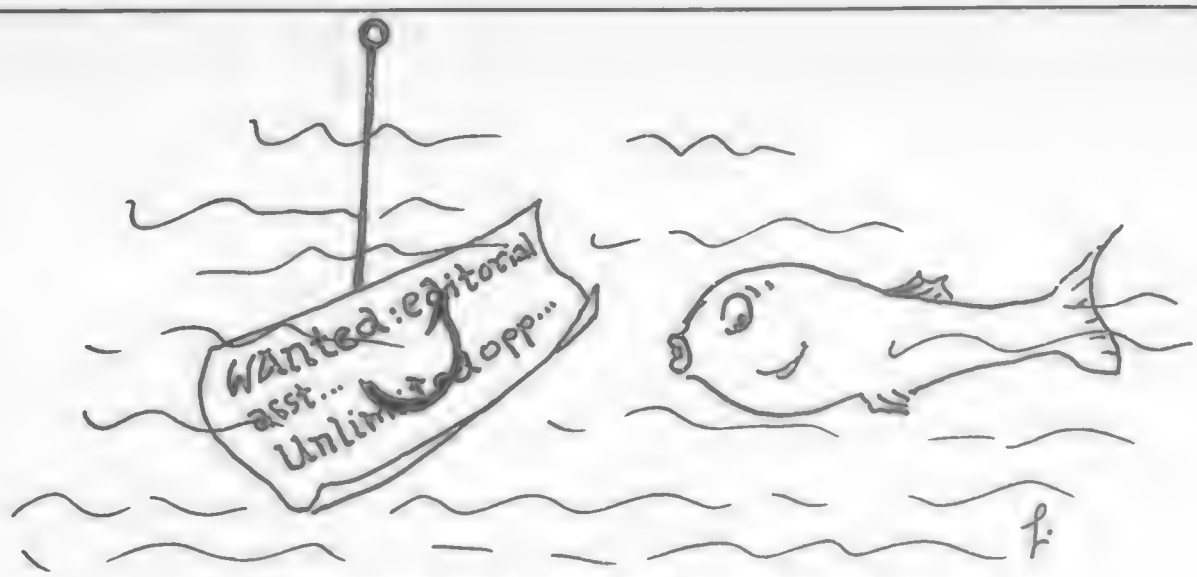
While learning from Landon how to caricature figures like Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Hiram Johnson, and President William Howard Taft, and how to give a comic lilt to drawings of elephants, donkeys, birds and other creatures, I clipped hundreds of editorial cartoons from newspapers and magazines like the long-departed 'Literary Digest', which ran scores of drawings by leading cartoonists every week. I was determined that this was the life I would seek. In college, I arranged my courses to background an editorial thinker: history, literature, psychology, economics. I drew gag cartoons for four years for the allegedly comic college monthly at



Boston University, 'The Beanpot'. I illustrated class yearbooks for my own class of 1927 and others. I also fitted in two short terms of drawing lessons at the Boston Museum School of Fine Art.

"To find myself 20 years later as the editor of topnotch editorial cartoonists with NEA was close to my early dream come true. At NEA I worked with three of the best: Dorman Smith, the master draftsman of them all; Fischetti, a man with a conscience as great as his talent; and Bill Crawford, winner of repeated awards for excellence from his colleagues of the National Cartoonists Society. (In this connection Jud Hurd recalls that whenever Bill Crawford went on vacation, cartoons signed 'DeWolf', and drawn by Boyd DeWolf Lewis, appeared in Bill's accustomed editorial page space.

"At NEA we worked this way: the editorial cartoonist would study the newspapers and magazines in the morning and then bring to the editor four or five roughs of his ideas. Often one could be selected without delay. Sometimes the editor and the artist would polish or refine the idea. On rare occasions something entirely new would emerge from the conference. Editorial cartoonists are, for the most part, a tender and defensive breed. They like their own ideas. They have learned from long experience that almost everyone around them considers himself a great inventor of smash cartoon ideas. I don't know why this is. Newsmen who would never think of urging an idea for a news piece upon a colleague will wander blithely into the cartoonist's sanctum to propose he draw some piece worthy of a Pulitzer for sheer idiocy, or one which, by its complication, would call for a Michaelangelo to execute."

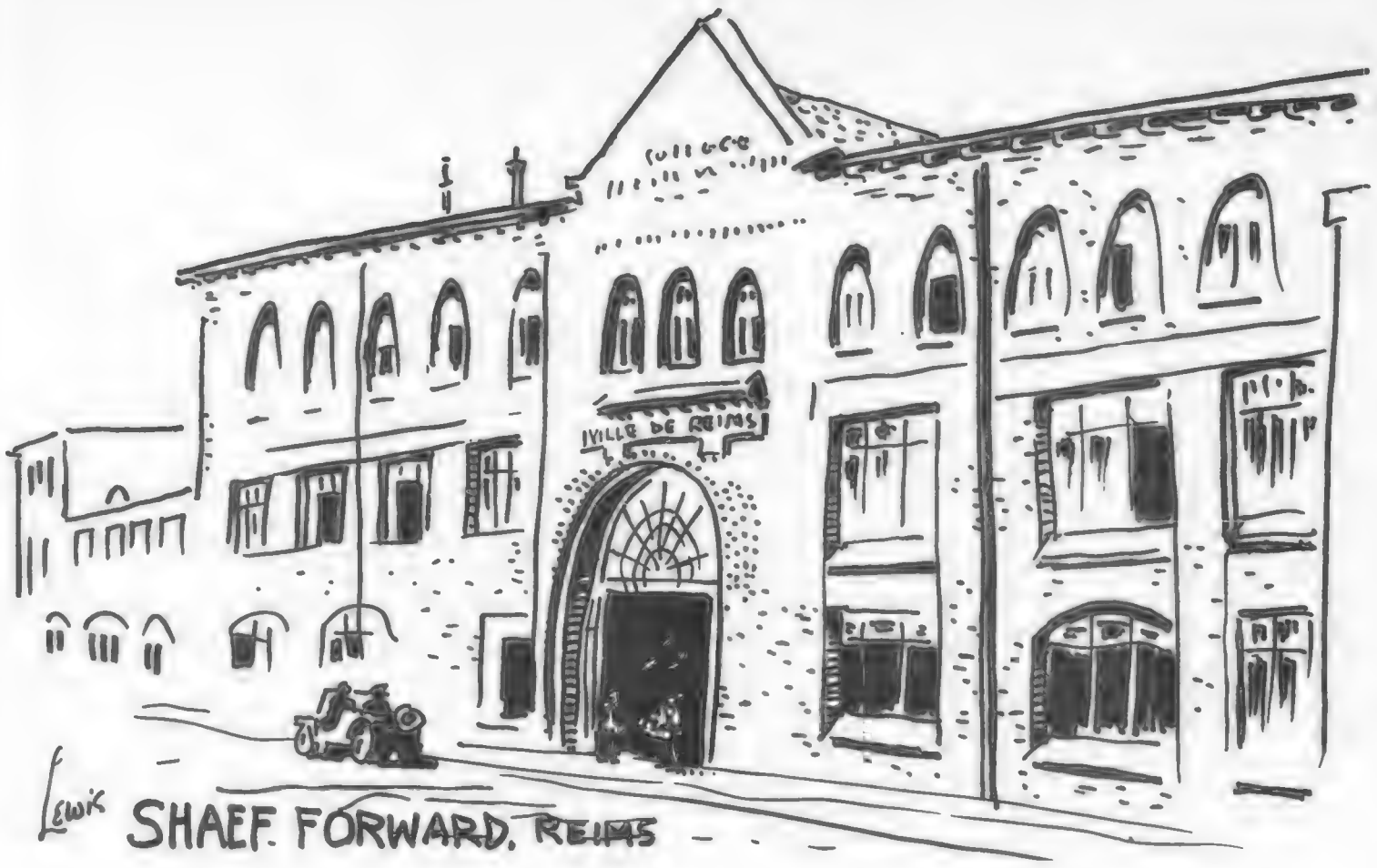


An unusual one-insertion help wanted ad in a Boston paper was the lure which got BL into the newspaper game in time to cover the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927.

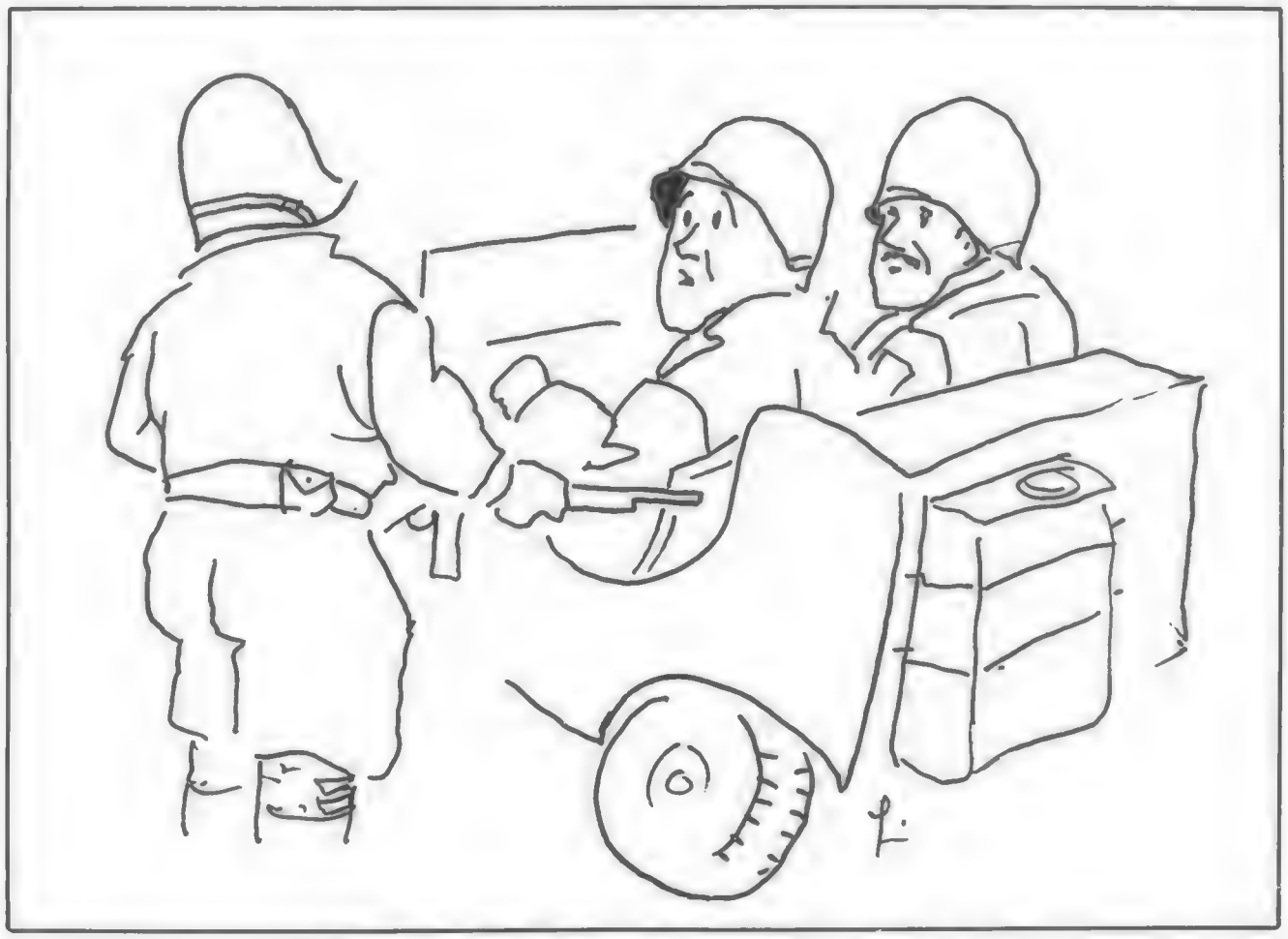
Fate, however, had something a little different from full-time cartooning in mind as far as Boyd Lewis' career was concerned. Two weeks before the graduation of his Boston University class, he picked up a newspaper and noticed that the United Press was advertising for an "editorial assistant", offering hard work, low pay and "unlimited opportunity". Although UP demanded "some newspaper experience", and Lewis had none, he wrote so persuasive a letter of application that he won the job over 61 other applicants. In this connection, it was as a UP correspondent covering World War II, that he was one of only three correspondents chosen to sit in on the surrender of Germany which took place at SHAEF FORWARD, popularly known as "the little red schoolhouse", in R eims, France. We have included a Lewis drawing of the building, and of the principals, along with this story. In addition there are some other drawings which Boyd drew as chapter headings for his autobiography, and which picture a few of his contacts with five armies on the Western Front.

Ike told BL his thoughts when confronted by the Nazi general, Jodl, at the surrender scene.

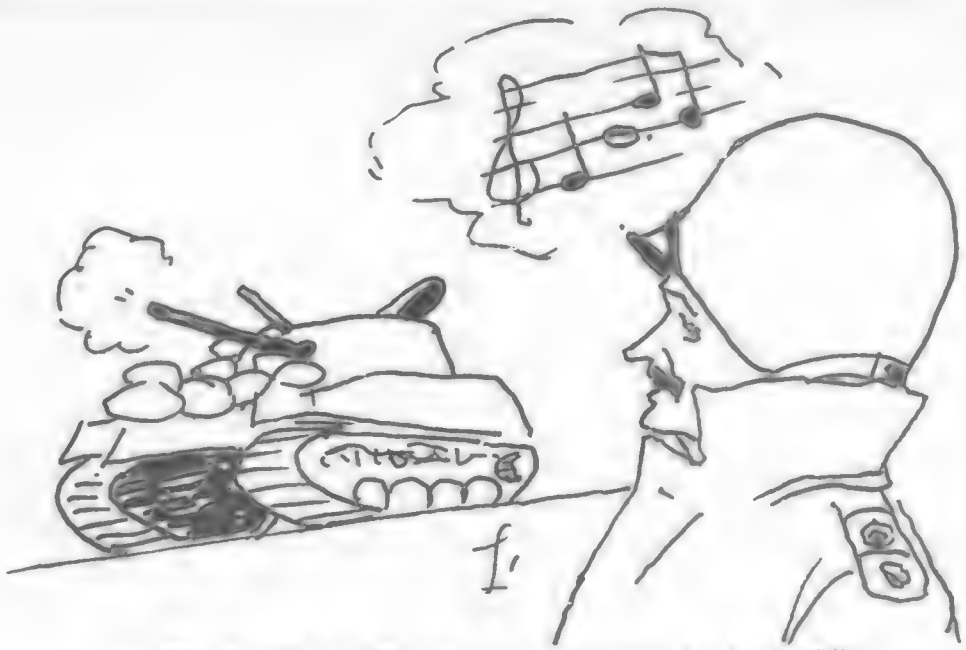
Jodl at the capitulation.



BL's sketch of the big red technical school at Reims where he covered the German surrender in 1945.

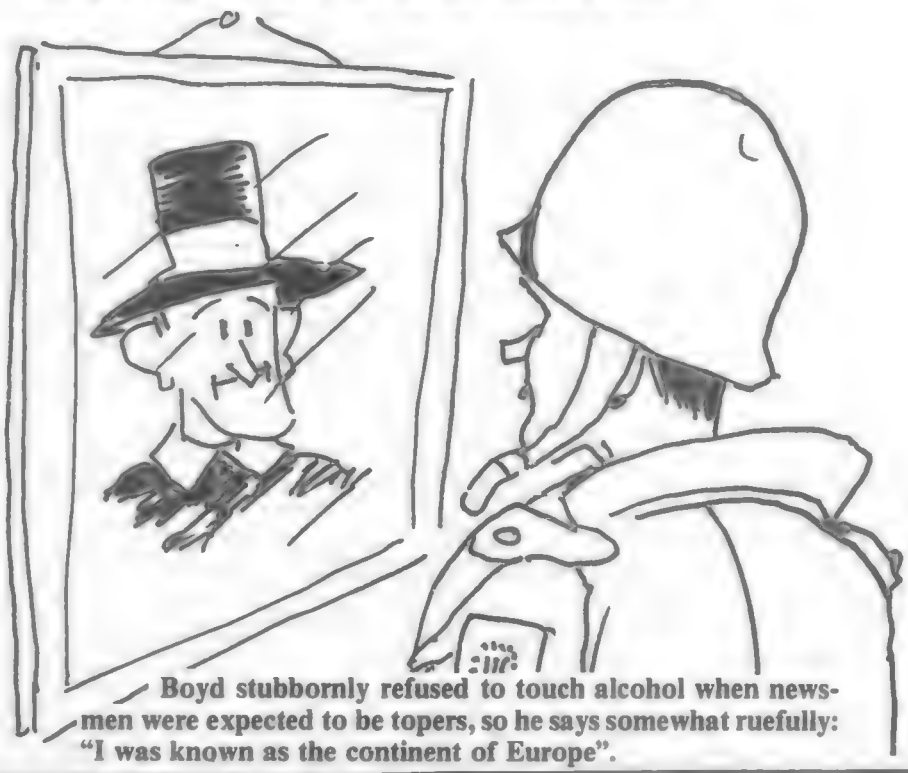


Running risky road blocks in the Ardennes during the Battle of the Bulge.

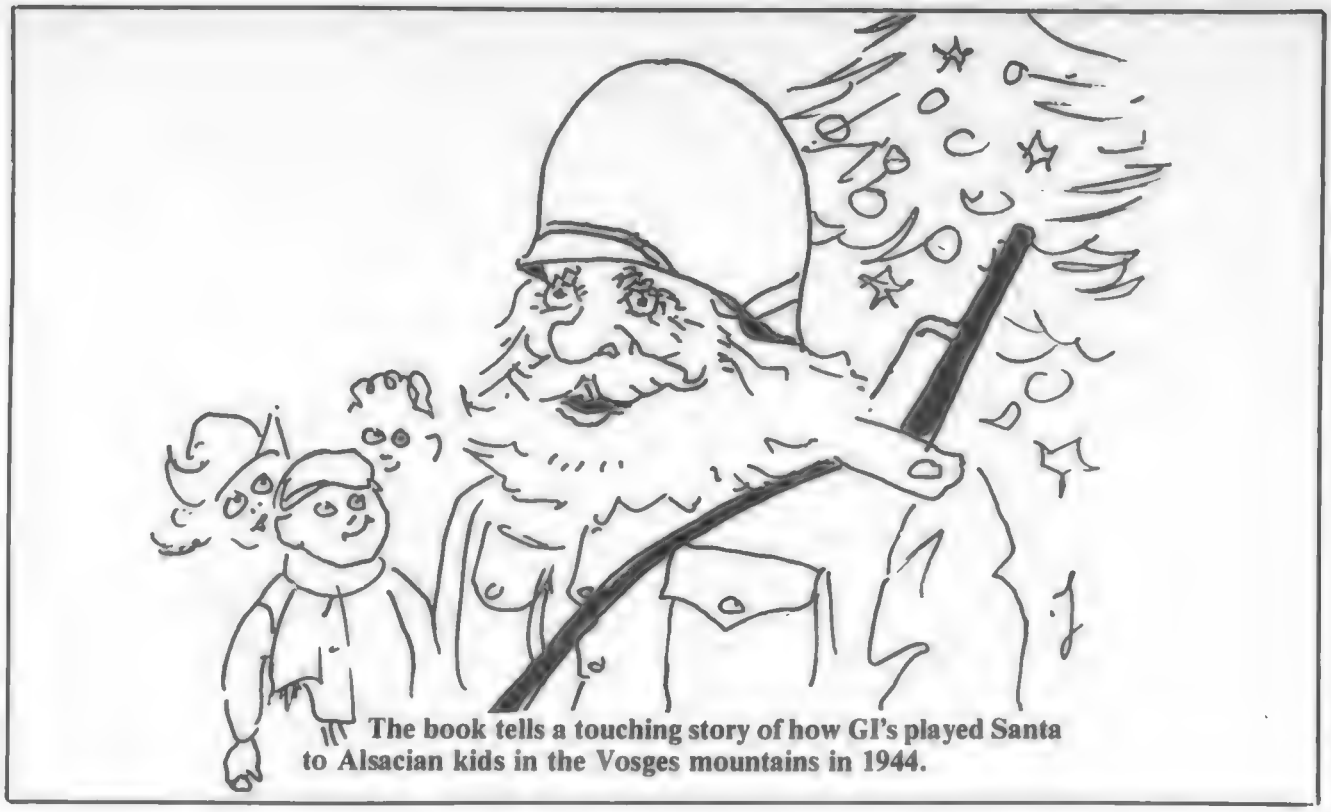


BL often "played" classical music inside his head while observing the roar and clatter of battle.

On his way up to the front BL encountered a green U.S. division who shouted "Tell 'em the Yanks are here!".



Boyd stubbornly refused to touch alcohol when newsmen were expected to be topers, so he says somewhat ruefully: "I was known as the continent of Europe".

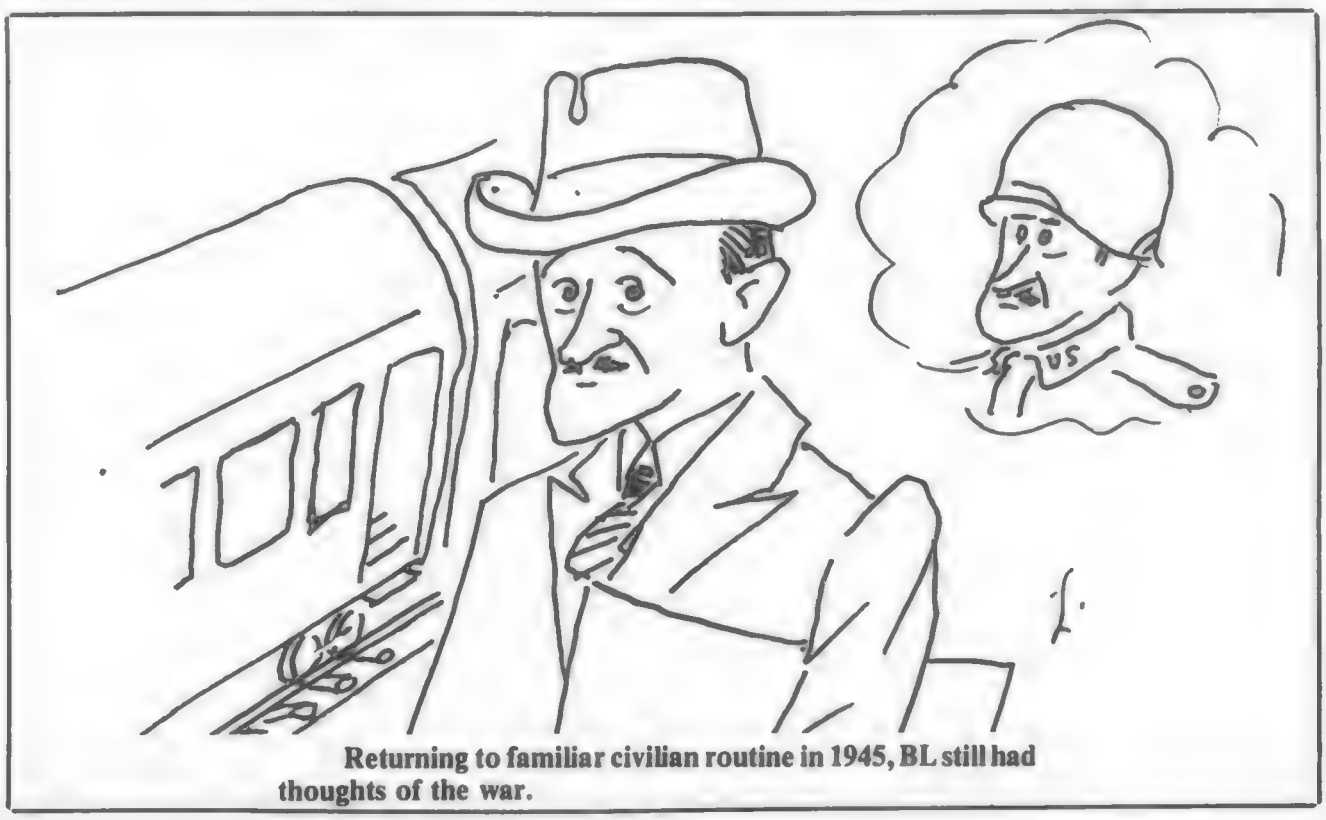


The book tells a touching story of how GI's played Santa to Alsacian kids in the Vosges mountains in 1944.

A quick mention of Boyd's current activities will indicate that he hasn't really retired at all: During the past 15 months, he has painted a dozen portraits in oils on commission, and continues to do more of them. Recently he won silver and gold medals in his division of the Army Navy Country Club tennis tournament, and gold and bronze medals in track and field events in the Fairfax County Golden Olympics. And of course there's the autobiography which required 100,000 words. He's also a consultant for the Naples (Florida) Institute for Advanced Study for Medicine and the Humanities, and as a continuing consultant for NEA, he reads faithfully the daily service proofs which are sent to him by Bob Metz, the President of United Media Enterprises, and by Dave Hendin, the Vice-President and Editorial Director.

There's lots of romance, adventure and humor in "Not Always A Spectator — A Newsman's Story", and there are many human-interest stories about cartoonists and syndicate people. We think you'll be richly rewarded if you send a check for $12.95, plus $2 for postage and handling, to The Wolf's Head Press, c/o Mrs. Hazel B. Lewis, 9319 Old Court House Road, Vienna, VA 22180. Copies should be available by the time you read this.

Boyd comments: "I thank those who have prodded me into this often gruelling exercise, particularly my remarkable wife, counsellor and constant reviewer, Hazel. I also owe a debt to the care and persistence of my editor, George DeLury. My chief debt is to the newspaper readers of the world, whose interest in what I reported gave me the most rewarding occupation I can conceive." ●



Returning to familiar civilian routine in 1945, BL still had thoughts of the war.

THE LONE RANGER™

The
TWO FIGURES STRUGGLE DESPERATELY ON A LEDGE ABOVE A RAGING TORRENT...
A 12-YEAR OLD BOY, KIDNAPPED BY A RUTHLESS OUTLAW, SHUDDERS IN FEAR FOR HIS LIFE...
NONE OF YOUR DADDY'S HIRED HANDS'LL DARE CROSS THAT KILLER RIVER TO FETCH YOU, BOY!
MY PA WILL GIVE YOU THE RANSOM MONEY. I KNOW HE WILL!
YOU BETTER PRAY HE DOES... OR I KNOW ONE RICH WIDOW MAN RANCHER WHO'S GONNA LOSE HIS ONLY KIN!
YOU GET MY DRIFT?
WHA--
KLING
WHO...WHAT? YOU TWO COULDN'T BE WORKING FOR THE OLD MAN!
AM I?
THEN
SURE--I'LL TURN HIM LOOSE--SMACK DAB INTO THE RAPIDS!
TONTO!
THE MASK'ED MAN CALLS TO HIS INDIAN COMPANION'S AID

RUSS HEATH, who is drawing the 1981 version of the fabulous 'Lone Ranger' character, recently received the following high praise from the well-known Marvel Comics Editor, Archie Goodwin. Said Archie, "The further you move from the fantastic, the more you're in direct competition with TV and movies, where instant belief can come just from the camera work. The guy who most often beats the celluloid people at their own game is Russ Heath."

The Lone Ranger started his career on a Detroit radio station way back in 1933 and no other fictional Western hero has proved so enduring. There were 2900 Lone Ranger radio programs, scores of movie serials, short stories, novels, feature films, phonograph records, newspaper strips and 3,000,000 comic books, as well as over 500 Lone Ranger TV episodes!

In the new strip, which is being distributed by The N.Y. Times Syndication Sales Corp., writer, Cary Bates, and artist, Russ Heath, have taken into account the fact that today's reader is much more sophisticated than readers were in the past, and they have thus made the strip believable in 1981.

Following is a recent conversation your editor had with Russ Heath.

RUSS HEATH

CARY BATES

TWO LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE OVER ROARING RAPIDS AND CERTAIN DEATH...
THE OUTLAW'S GETTING AWAY!
FIRST THINGS FIRST TONTO!
9-14
EXHAUSTING MOMENTS LATER...
WHOEVER THE GUNMAN WAS WHO KIDNAPPED YOU, SON-- WE'LL TRACK HIM DOWN FOR THE LAW TO DEAL WITH!
C. BATES R. HEATH
M-MY PA WILL PAY YOU TO FIND THAT POLECAT...
9-15
TONTO AND I DON'T ACCEPT REWARDS FOR HELPING OTHERS, LAD!
NOW LET'S GET YOU BACK TO YOUR FATHER!
LATER...
C. BATES & R. HEATH

Hurd: Russ, you should be very much at home drawing 'The Lone Ranger', because I know you got started drawing western characters at a very early age.

Heath: Right—my dad had been a cowboy in Arizona, he had a lot of slides and pictures taken on the ranch, and although at first I wondered what kind of a cowboy he'd been if he had never killed an Indian, I got into cowboy drawing at age 4½. He had done a number of things out west—attended colleges in Arizona and California, worked in the copper mines, and eventually some experience in power plants out there took him to Pittsburgh with Westinghouse. He and my mother met there, he was transferred to the New York office, and they got a house in Montclair, New Jersey, where I began to draw. I was an only child, we lived in a neighborhood where there weren't too many kids to play with, I had a little imagination, so I was drawing all the time, and I would say I was quite advanced by the time I hit high school.

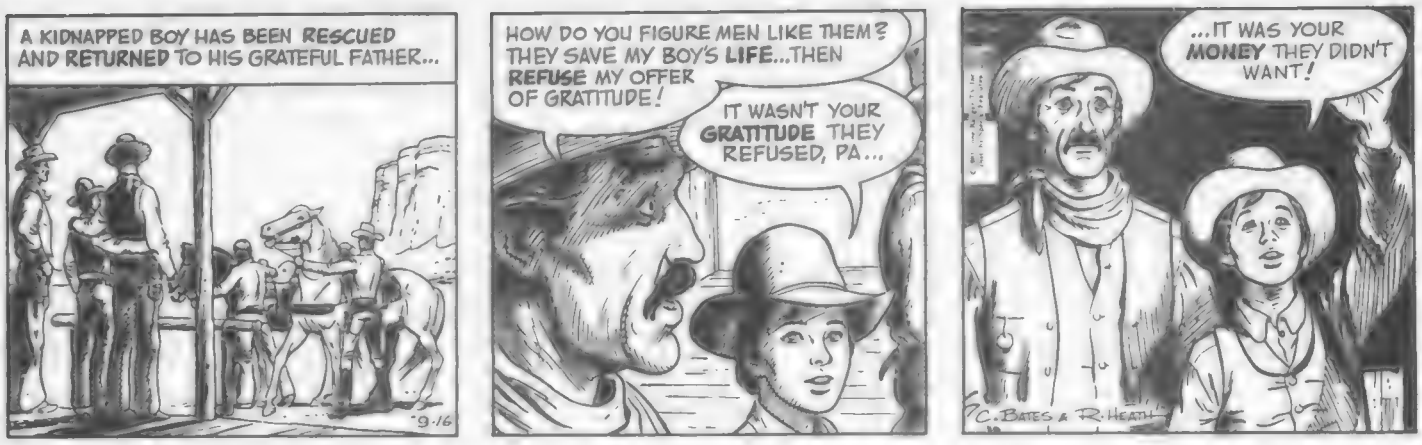
Dad had a lot of great western tales, and when he was there about 1915, there were a lot of men still alive who had been witnesses to, and participants in, many of the spectacular events out there. He paid close attention to my drawings, and would correct me often when I put the wrong kind of clothing on one of my cowboys.

But I didn't confine myself just to western characters. Every night my dad brought home two newspapers, which was fairly unusual in the thirties, and like so many cartoonists, I would lie down on the floor and pore over 'Dickie Dare', 'Terry and the Pirates', 'Tarzan', and so on. I did my own comic book, with myself as the hero, and spent so much time drawing that I didn't even get into sports at that time. My dad hired a chap to come and tutor me in art on Saturday mornings but that was the extent of my formal art training. We would go outdoors and sketch, which was very good practice.

Incidentally, I got my first comics job during a summer vacation in 1943 when I was still in high school. The character was Hammerhead Hawley and it was for Captain Arrow Comics.

Hurd: I think it would be very encouraging for young people who can't afford a formal art education to hear how you reached your high-level of skill in doing an illustrative-type strip without much formal training.

Heath: When you're a kid, the mind is like a sponge, and when I was starting out there weren't all the distractions that there are nowadays, and so I absorbed **everything** about art very eagerly. We are so diversified now, there are so many things to do, that not many young


A KIDNAPPED BOY HAS BEEN RESCUED AND RETURNED TO HIS GRATEFUL FATHER...
9-16
HOW DO YOU FIGURE MEN LIKE THEM? THEY SAVE MY BOY'S LIFE...THEN REFUSE MY OFFER OF GRATITUDE!
IT WASN'T YOUR GRATITUDE THEY REFUSED, PA...
...IT WAS YOUR MONEY THEY DIDN'T WANT!
C. BATES & R. HEATH

people have *just one hobby—drawing—which I had.* I did much more drawing than anyone would do today. I don't know how young people can be so divided—if they're into music they have to learn how to hook up all the stereo equipment, they need photography magazines and all kinds of camera equipment if they're into picture-taking, and so on. There's television to watch, and a million other distractions—dancing classes, exercise classes, Little League, you name it!

Hurd: I know that 'The Lone Ranger' has to be handled differently than it was some years ago. Would you say something about the writing of the strip?

Heath: The syndicate originally asked me for my opinion about a potential writer for the feature. I had been associated with writer, Cary Bates, in some comic book work, he has written screen plays, etc., we worked well together and I had liked what he wrote. So we're associated on the new feature.

The Lone Ranger is a very hard property to work with in this day and age because everyone has become so sophisticated. We have to be very careful to make him credible in today's world and to today's readers.

The new Lone Ranger movie which has been scheduled to come out at the time of the strip debut, had to be much up-dated and made more real than the serials of long ago, because viewers are so much more sophisticated now. In the strip, we've tried to make the character more human—in the past they never showed him eating or sleeping or doing so many of the things we all do from day to day. A character in a strip becomes more real, naturally, if we can include these things. The Lone Ranger of the past was always perfect—no matter what action took place, his hat never came off, so that right on the first page of the new strip, I've shown that hat flying off! The old Lone Ranger never even stayed in town, he always rode out somewhere and appeared, unexplained, as if there was an invisible trailer out there. So now I've suggested that we stay in the town but we don't necessarily get into the matter of whether he and the Indian have separate rooms—because we're careful not to make any suggestions in the wrong way there. We've included some love interest—it's not a current romance—but it's an old romance that has been rekindled. An adventure story, obviously, is better, too, if you can add several other ingredients such as comedy.

Hurd: I know you enjoy having an input in the strip, as far as the ideas go.

Heath: Right—Cary and I sit down and talk about the point-of-view of the strip, what we'd like to see in it and the general approach to it. Cary had researched everything about the character, just from his own interest, long before the opportunity to do the strip came up. As you may know, the Lone Ranger has been listed in a book about real people, as if he really existed. There's a lot of detail given as to when he was born, what happened during his career, and so on. We are also going to try to get more credibility by bringing in some history—not mentioning actual dates—but by introducing people like Buffalo Bill, as they did in the movie. The average member of the public doesn't seem to be

TARNATION, JADE! I WAS SO GLAD TO SEE YOU I PLUMB FORGOT TO GET THEIR NAMES!
9-17
I KNOW, PA! THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO!
C. BATES & R. HEATH
HI-YO SILVER, AWAY!

A DARING HOLDUP HAS DETAINED THE AFTERNOON STAGE TO CRIPPLE CREEK, ARIZONA...
C·BATES & R·HEATH
9-18
STEP OUT OF THERE, MISSY!
WHAT DO YOU RUFFIANS WANT OF ME?

aware of whether some historical happening came ten years before the Civil War, for instance, or ten years after, so we can fudge a little in cases like that. The Lone Ranger in our strip won't look like the character in the movie which will probably be out by the time your subscribers read this. The owners of the character don't want the strip character to look like the actor they've hired to play the part in the movie, because I think they want to see whether the movie is a big success, and to determine whether this particular actor is really going to end up representing

now re-dubbed Silver! Apparently, he had been whin nying in the wrong key!

Hurd: Who owns the character?

Heath: The Lone Ranger Television Corporation in L.A. It was strange when I was first approached about

now putting in the strip. And the people who approached me had no knowledge that I had previously had anything to do with The Lone Ranger.

Hurd: Did the writing of the strip present any problems for Cary Bates,

The Lone Ranger. There have been some delays because they re-dubbed the voice of Tonto, and they did the same with the voice of The Lone Ranger after they decided that he sounded a little too sissy-ish or young, or something like that. Then, would you believe it, they've

doing the strip, because at the time I was working on the character in one of the animation studios, for one of the Saturday morning kids' shows. So, I've got here drawings of backgrounds and horses which I designed for one of the episodes in the TV show, and which I'm

who had previously written for other media than the newspaper comic strip?

Heath: I'm sure he was aware that the pacing has to be different since you have readers who only read the Sunday page, and who still have to know what has been going on in the daily strip.

Going back to the movie for a moment, they didn't want to have a prominent actor playing the title role because they felt people would identify with the actor rather than with the character.

NOW THAT WE EMPTIED THE CASHBOX, MA'AM... WE'LL HAVE YOUR BAG AND BE ON OUR WAY!
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF PARTING WITH IT--AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT INCLINED TO HAND IT OVER TO YOU!
9-19
THEN I'LL JUST INCLINE YOU WITH A-
C·BATES & R·HEATH
TANG!

A STAGECOACH HOLDUP ON THE OPEN TRAIL HAS BEEN CUT SHORT BY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO...
LET'S SKIN OUT OF HERE! NO STRONGBOX IS WORTH GETTING KILLED FOR!
GIDDYAP!
C. BATES FR. HEATH
AM I SEEIN' RIGHT...IS ONE OF THEM AN INDIAN?
AND THE HOMBRE ON THE WHITE HORSE--LOOKS LIKE HE'S WEARING A MASK!
9-21
WHOA, BIG FELLA!
9-22
YOU MEAN TO TAKE UP WHERE THOSE OTHER TWO LEFT OFF, STRANGER?
EASY, DRIVER--MY COMPANION AND I ARE HERE TO HELP!
WE'VE BEEN ON THE TRACK OF ONE OF THOSE OUTLAWS FOR THREE DAYS!
AND WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE ANYTHING SAID BY A MAN WHO HIDES BEHIND A MASK?
GREAT THUNDER! IT CAN'T BE HER!!
C. BATES FR. HEATH

Hurd: How about a resume of some of the steps along your art career?

Heath: I was married, and I had no job so I walked around New York City with my portfolio for, I think 70 days—5 days a week from 10 to 4 which is about the only time people will see you. I didn't get a thing until I finally started work at Benton & Bowles Advertising Agency in 1947 sharpening pencils. Later they shifted artists to the mail room so I was backed up eve n further from my eventual goal. I was getting $35 a week, and I was spending $15 a week between laundry (you got dressed in white shirts to go to work in those days) and bus transportation into the City, so I was looking for another job. The only time I could look was during lunch hour, and almost nobody was in then, but I kept this routine up and finally got a job with Stan Lee of Timely Comics. I left Benton & Bowles after six months or a year with them, worked for Stan for a while at his office, and then started being a freelancer. At one point I met Harvey Kurtzman and did a story in the second issue of 'Front Line Combat'. After that I guess I worked on everything that Harvey was involved in at that time—'Mad' magazine, 'Humbug', 'Trump', and 'Little Annie Fanny' for Playboy. I was going to quit this latter chore at one point when Hefner, as an inducement to keep me on, since I liked visiting Chicago and the Playboy Mansion, offered to give me his old office to work out of. So I moved to Chicago and along with the Annie work I did extra-curricular jobs. I was the first artist to sell all of the storyboards I did for Doyle Dane Bernbach and for Dancer Fitzgerald. I did all kinds of jobs, over the years—worked for George Wunder on 'Terry & The Pirates' for a short while, and I guess I was cartoonist 1001 to work with Dan Barry on the 'Flash Gordon' strip. I did a ton of comic magazines for Marvel, and then another ton of them for DC. Along the way there were some movie posters, too.

Speaking of the movies—more and more they're using storyboard people who function like directors, setting up shots before the filming. This method is a great time-saver and I think in another ten years you're going to find that there's not a movie made that hasn't been storyboarded. Before the director comes out on the set the cameraman can take the storyboard and set everything up—where to put the lights and so on.

Incidentally, I did backgrounds for special sections of Ralph Bakshi's latest film 'American Pop'. That was my first screen credit.

Hurd: Well, good luck on 'The Lone Ranger', Russ! ●

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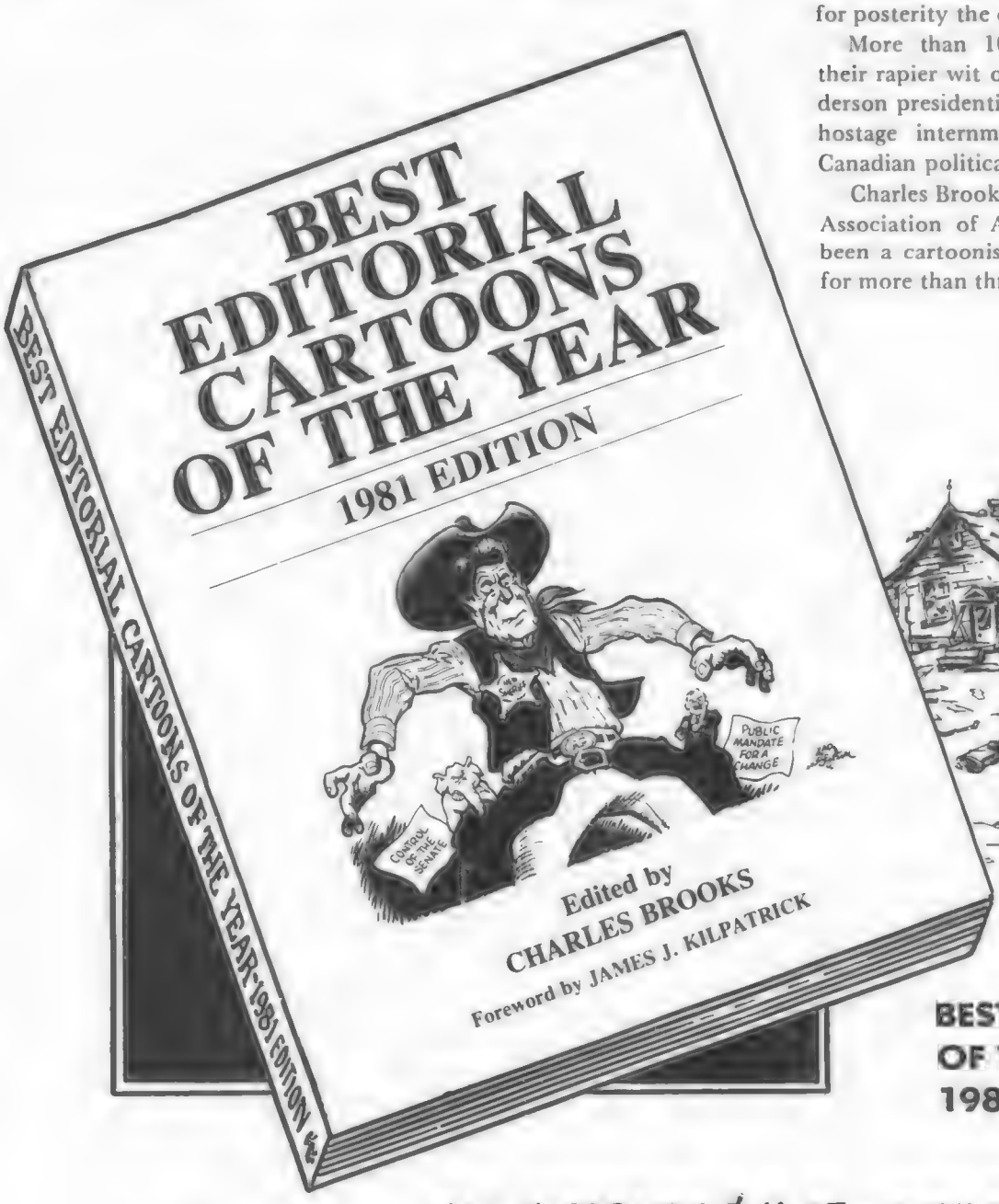
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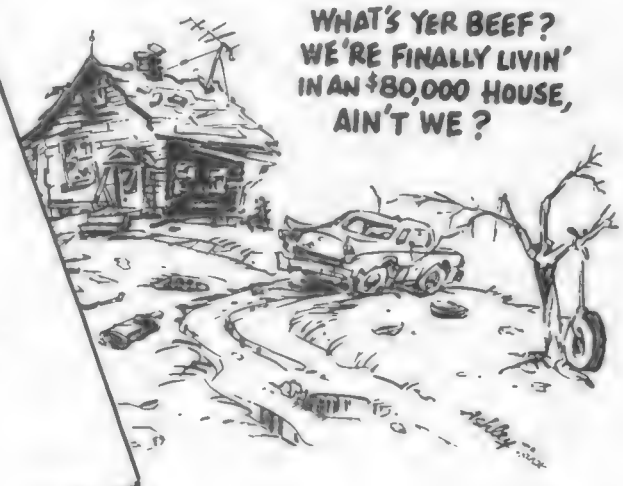

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Michael Sporn reflects while working on *Woman of the Year* in his old studio.

Animation for a Broadway Musical

A Conversation with Michael Sporn

by Jay Padroff

Jay Padroff makes films and writes screenplays, songs, and articles. He has been published in *The New York Post, Millimeter Magazine, Filmmakers Monthly, The Film Journal,* and *CineFile,* an interview magazine which he founded. Padroff also free-lances as a film and video editing assistant and as a revival house film programmer.

I had the pleasure of interviewing Michael Sporn in July at his home in Forest Hills, New York, where I found him jubilant over just having signed a lease on a new studio in Manhattan. At age 35, Sporn is becoming one of the most sought after east coast animators. The sweet smell of success was in evidence as we discussed the diversity of his projects, ranging from animating cartoon cats that parody Harry Guardino and Lauren Bacall on the Broadway stage to advising on an animated Stravinsky ballet for television to designing titles for live action features to producing an animated feature whose main characters are Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Ernest Hemingway, and Pablo Picasso.

Sporn credits John Hubley and Richard Williams as two of his heroes who came to have great influence on his style during the years he worked at their respective studios. Sporn calls Tissa David his mentor for teaching him the craft of animation during his days at the Hubley Studio. Similarly, Sporn looks forward to developing young animation talent in the years ahead at his own studio.

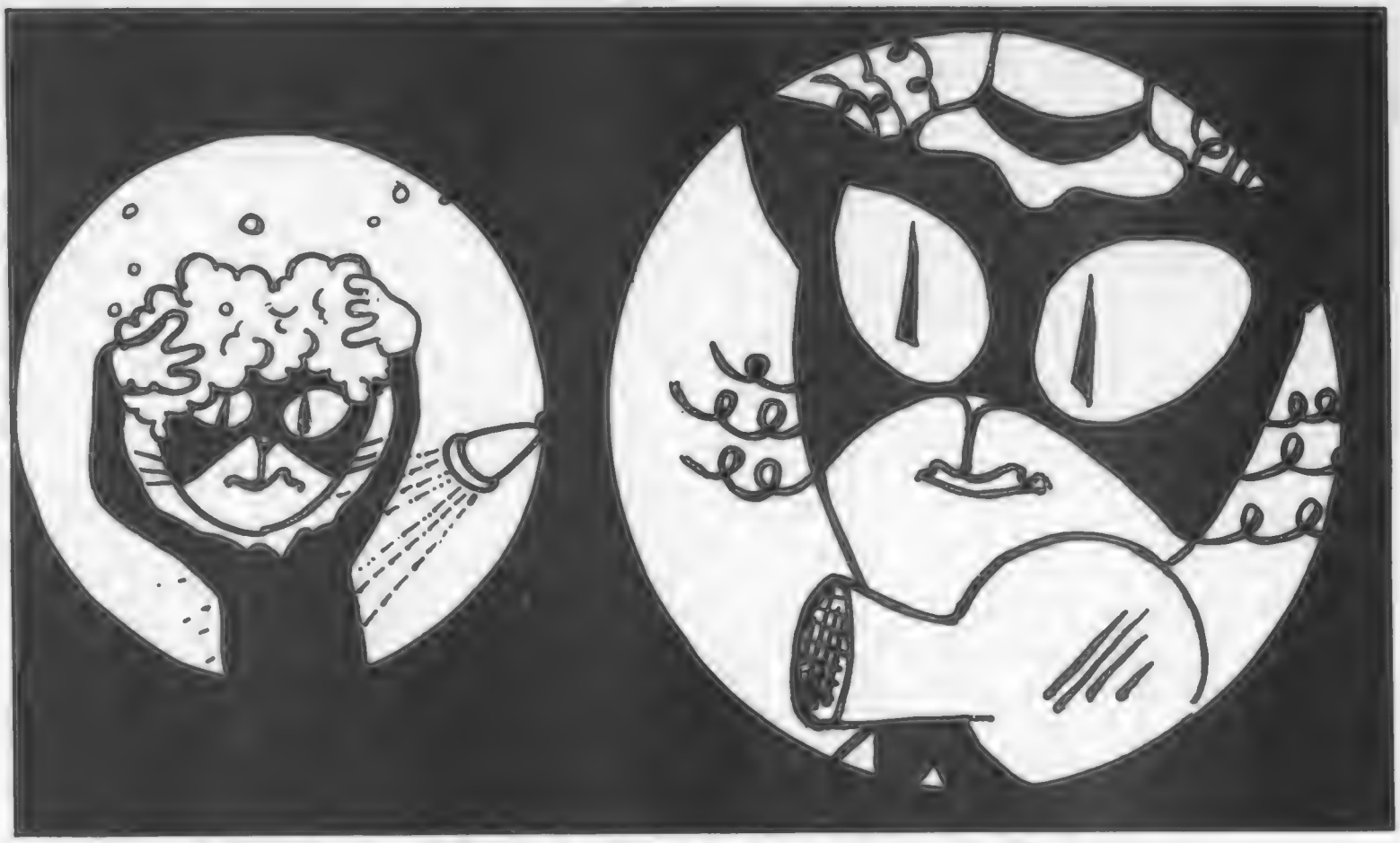
The following interview material is excerpted from an extensive, absorbing conversation we had, Sporn's words often revealing a jarring mixture of the idealistic and the cynical, his sense of invention ever present.

We began by discussing Sporn's contribution to *Woman of the Year,* a musical play which is currently a hit on Broadway, starring Lauren Bacall as a TV journalist who falls in love with Harry Guardino, who plays a comic strip artist. Sporn was hired by famed motion picture and theater designer Tony Walton to animate Guardino's comic strip creation, a Manhattanish, world-wise cat named Katz, who goes around quipping, "So what else is new?," and falls head-over-paws in love with a sophisticated feline named Tessie. Ultimately, Guardino and Katz would be singing and dancing together, a common enough occurrence for a Hollywood film but highly unusual for the theatrical stage.

Sporn's accomplishment of making Katz fit smoothly into the show, becoming something of a magical highlight, was aided in no small measure by Tony Walton's design and Bran Ferren's projection system. Of course, credit is due also to *Woman of the Year*'s writer, director, composers, choreographer, actors, conductor, and sound mixer. As animation director, Sporn worked with a tiny crew consisting of animator John Canemaker, cameraman Gary Becker, and editor Si Fried.

Padroff: Animation sounds like a risky thing for a Broadway show to attempt. Was there a lot of doubt surrounding the project?

Sporn: When Tony Walton brought me onto *Woman of the Year,* the backers were having a problem with money, and they weren't sure that they were going to do the show at all, never mind using animation for it. They were talking about slide films; they were talking about dressing an actor as Katz and having him sing and dance with the lead actor. At any rate, the director, the choreographer, the musical director, the art director were having their first big meeting, and I was asked to attend. Working on stage, you expect to deal with a lot of people who know nothing about film for the most part. So it was somewhat helpful to me that Robert Moore had directed film and the choreographer, Tony Char-



Katz showers and blow-dries his whiskers in preparation for his first date with Tessie.

moli, had worked in film, as had John Kander and Fred Ebb, the composers. But none of them had ever used animation. From my point of view, Robert Moore adapted very well. At the very first meeting, I asked if they wanted to go with close-ups, and he jumped up and said, "Yes. We want close-ups and cuts. This is film, and we should be using it as film on the stage." And with that decree, I took off.

Two weeks earlier, of course, they were going to do rear-screen projection of slide films with a hundred different poses of the cat. That attempt had failed, so they were taking a stab at animation. From that meeting on, I had three weeks to prepare about six minutes of animation for their opening in Boston. If they didn't have animation ready for Boston, they weren't going to use it in the show for New York. That was a heavy load, but it was the easier part of the job. The hard part was the fact that a cartoon character had never spoken to a live actor on a stage before. And here was a duet where the cartoon character sang the punch line of every chorus. Consequently, we were dealing with split-second timing and a lot of difficulties in determining the right soundtrack to use; there were a lot of technical problems to iron out. But things worked out so well eventually that the show now contains about nine minutes of animation.

Padroff: What were some of the decisions that went into the designing of Katz?

Sporn: We finally had a meeting with Tony showing a large group of people his character design of this cat. Everybody had a hand at expressing their opinion, and Tony was adding the hat; taking it off, taking the cigarette out, putting it back, whitening the stomach of the cat, shortening the legs. The cat took a lot of changes; everybody had their ideas. And we came out of the meeting with a design.

We were trying to make a very New York cat. It's inspired by the description Harry Guardino gives in the show, when he says that he was on a subway and everywhere he looked there was this cartoon character, Katz, and Katz would be all the people on the subway and would represent all New Yorkers to the cartoonist. So we were looking for pretty much of a *schlepp* as far as a cartoon cat would look: slightly overweight, short stubby legs though very thin, with a hat that never came off, deaccenting some of the normal traits of cats, like whiskers. We went back to Felix the Cat in trying to get the cat to use his tail as a cane or, at one point, as a question mark, in a sequence that didn't make it into the final version. We were also inspired by Krazy Kat, of course, probably the one comic strip that all cartoonists seem to love—and for good reason.

Tessie Cat was supposed to be a caricature of Lauren Bacall. We were going so quickly, I didn't have time to really fool around with her character—I was more interested in Katz. And consequently, I don't think I really solved it in the animation. I did some modifications of that character for the comic strip edition we're working on now so that Tess has become a complete character for me, maybe because I understand her a bit more.

In designing both cats, we were trying to imitate the line of Johnny Hart's comic strips, "B.C." and "The Wizard of Id," in animation, which meant that it couldn't be drawn as standard cel animation with Rapidograph pens, which give an even thickness. We had to go back to the 1930's method of using crow quill pens so that we could get a thick and thin outline. The nature of the rear-screen projection that was going to be used meant that we'd have a slightly soft focus, so the line had to be even thicker than Johnny Hart's.

In the final animation, so that the screen behind Harry Guardino wouldn't be overbearingly white and make him just a silhouette, we decided on a lot of black, with Katz in a spotlight, a black and white cat with a red bowtie. The design was very crisp and sharp.

Unfortunately, the design and the animation had to go on concurrently, and consequently, the animation had a look of its own and possibly lost some of the character that Tony Walton wanted in there.

Padroff: Could you describe the comic strip you're working on?

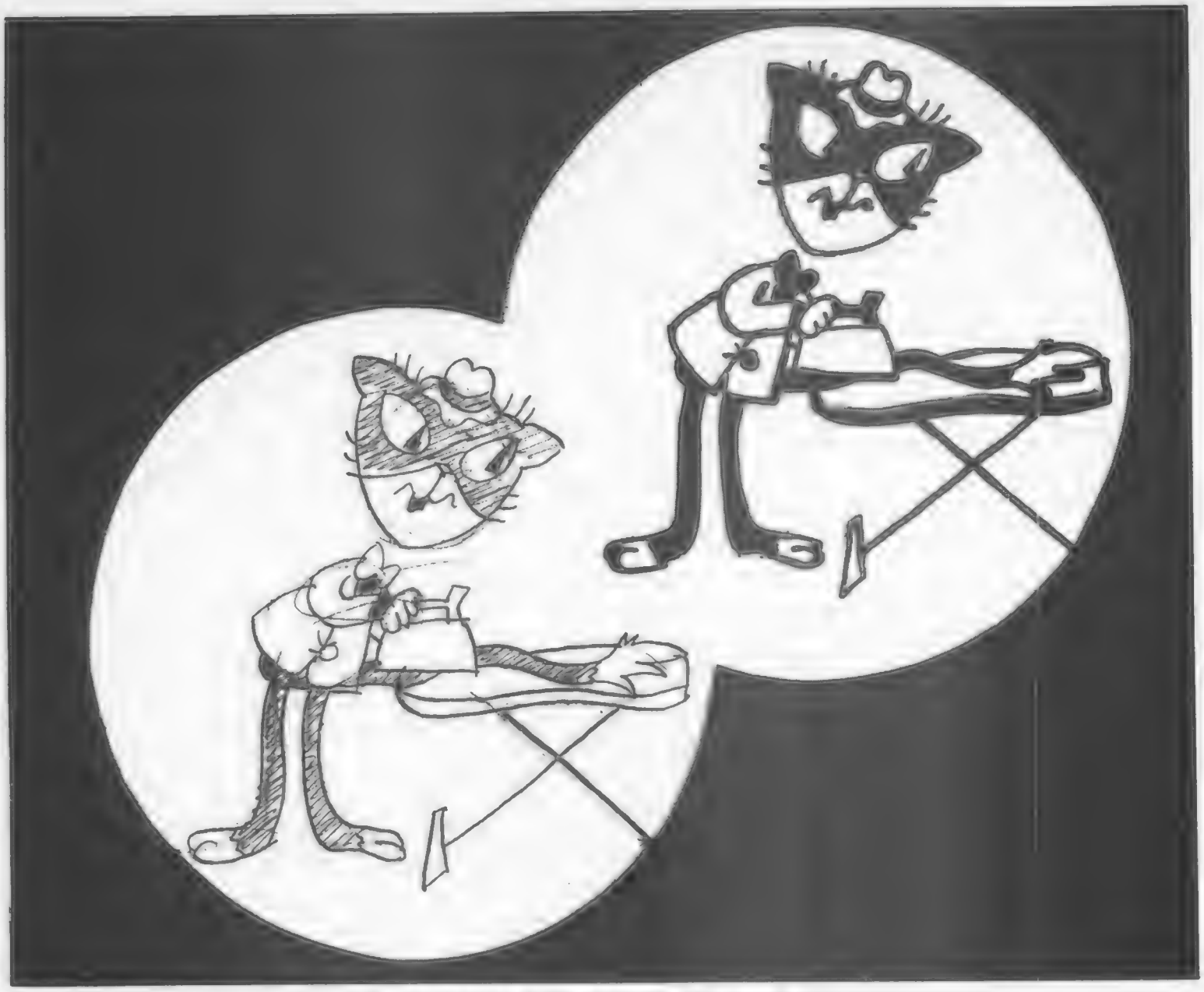
Sporn: I'm working with Jim Lawrence, who is a comic strip story writer, and Tom Hachtman, an underground cartoonist, in doing a comic strip version of "Katz." And there I've tried slightly modifying the cat so I have more of the feel Tony Walton was trying to put into it originally, and at the same time make it a little looser and a lot more fun for me in terms of the drawing. We've added new characters; obviously, a comic strip can't exist on only those two characters.

We decided to try to make a comic strip that has a strong story, but at the same time make it funny from day to day. We're at the position now where we're about ready to start the final art, and within the next two weeks we should be pretty much wrapped up with a good couple weeks worth of the comic strip. There's a lot of speculation in doing a strip of any kind in that you put a lot of work into it in the early days and you don't know whether it's going to sell. It would be nice to make it a joint career for me. I'm more entertained by the strip at the moment than I am by animation.

Padroff: Are you content with the way *Woman of the Year* turned out, as far as your contribution?

Sporn: Simplicity is sometimes the best part of anything that works. With all the technical complications that went into the show, it still looks incredibly simple; it looks like we just set up the projector and are projecting this film that we randomly did, and Harry Guardino is singing back to this cat. It surprises even me that there was so much complication in it.

The show's about to go on the road, and I wouldn't mind doing animation changes for the



Katz irons his tail: a pencil drawing and a finished cel.

road company shows, but I don't think that'll happen. I'll probably be doing a commercial for the fall with Lauren Bacall and the animated character talking to each other about the show, which should be fun.

Padroff: How long have you had your own studio?

Sporn: I started my own studio two years ago and take jobs like *Woman of the Year,* which paid me very little, just so I would get some recognition. And in the last year, through *Woman of the Year, Prince of the City,* and now *Deathtrap,* I am getting this recognition. And though I haven't reaped a lot of money, I am hoping to reap a reputation as someone doing interesting, challenging projects.

Padroff: Is *Deathtrap* going to be as complicated a titling assignment for you as *Prince of the City* was?

Sporn: No. This is a basically routine titles job which I've developed into a somewhat larger project, trying to get a nice animated effect in the opening title. I'm glad I was called back because I enjoyed working with Sidney Lumet on *Prince of the City.* I respect his films.

Padroff: Aren't you also involved on another project with R.O. Blechman right now?

Sporn: I worked with Bob Blechman for about a year and a half on a really handsome Christmas film for PBS called *Simple Gifts* and, along the way, doing a number of commercials. Meanwhile, I really felt it was time to work on my own and develop my own studio and my own sense of animation. But now, after two years of not working with Bob, he's about to start a second hour-long special, this one based on Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat,* and I've agreed to work on a part-time basis, advising him on the project and on budgetary matters. And so far, after three weeks of that, it's working smoothly.

Padroff: I know you've got another big project in the works.

Sporn: Three years ago I fell in love with an underground comic strip by Tom Hachtman called "Gertrude's Follies." It appeared once a week in *The Soho News,* and I became an avid follower and collector of the strip because the characters were so well-developed and defined, but drawing for drawing the characters changed. I thought I would like to see that done in animation. There's an animator named Jim Tyer, who worked for Terrytoons for years, whose work was very loose and wild. Every drawing of his animation is completely different from the drawing before, and it made for a really funny style of animation. John Hubley used it, for instance, in a film called "Tender Game" in a really moving scene, and I thought that that was just the beginning, and a lot could be done in using graphics to develop a character. Tom Hachtman used these distortions of drawings as a funny thing and, at the same time, in character development.

I contacted Tom, and he was very eager to try doing the strip in animation. We developed a script for a feature and have had some interest. We're working on a ten-minute short now. We've been promised 35mm theatrical distribution, which is rare these days for shorts. I've just started production, and I'm putting all the money I'm making from these other projects into this film.

We're incorporating all the newest rock music as well as music from the period of Gertrude Stein's writing and music we just happen to like. We think it'll all gel into something that a youthful audience, one that likes *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* would like. And we'll find out when we finish this short.

Padroff: Could you give our readers any helpful suggestions about pursuing a career in animation?

Sporn: The only real advice I can give is that if they want to do animation they, first of all, should do all the animation they possibly can do, even if they're not filming it, just making flip books for themselves. But they should also go to all the movies they possibly can, and I'm not just talking about animated movies. They should also see all the art they can, go to museums a lot, read a lot of art books, and also read "real books" because the wider their experiences the more they can talk about in their animation. If they just study cartoons, they'll just be regurgitating car-

MORE PROOF THAT HOT WEATHER DIMINISHES MENTAL ALERTNESS.

ABISA ABISA follies

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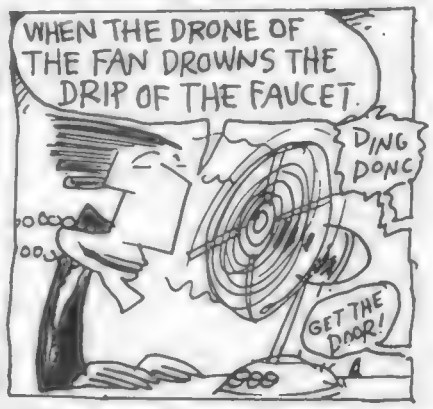

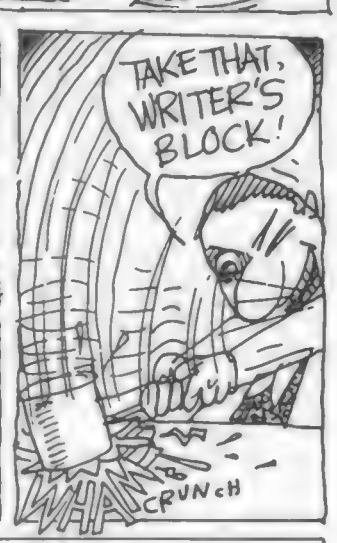

THIS IS A BURGER?
OPEN THE BOX PABS.
IT'S IN THE BOX.
HELLO
NOW YOU EAT IT
SSLURP
WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GROW UP?
AR AR
LEAVE HIM ALONE ALICE. PLAYFUL INFANTILISM IS THE LEITMOTIF OF PABLO'S GENIUS.
AR AR
AR AR

Katz and Tessie embrace in celebration of their engagement.

toons, which is what's happening basically with most of the youth who grew up on television and are entering animation. One studio that will go nameless, in California, has a morgue of Disney xeroxed animation and traces off this, redesigning it for their own characters and making films based on Disney animation. The animation is just wonderful and moves properly, but it's a complete waste of time.

When I was leaving the service, I debated whether to go to New York to animate or go to California. Los Angeles obviously is a larger market and an easier chance of getting a job. I wrote to a couple of people in New York, and I wrote to a group called the International Tournee of Animation, wh. h I thought meant something else, and somehow the letter went to Ward Kimball, who was a famous Disney animator and director and had since retired. He wrote a funny letter to me suggesting that what I should do is go into a profession that was more lucrative, "something like dairy farming," in his exact words. And I got somewhat bitter at having received this letter and decided that was Los Angeles. So I moved back to New York. I have since been telling any kid who is trying to get into animation just to do it, fight all the odds and anyone telling you to get out of it and just believe in yourself and do it.

I just received a letter today from a sixteen-year-old boy who does animation in his parents' garage in Brooklyn and who asked if I could use a messenger for the summer to work for free. And there's no chance that he won't be hired—for a salary. I'll put him to use filming pencil tests and going to labs, learning what pegs are and what the rudiments of animation are. And it's something he wouldn't get in any other studio in New York City, quite possibly any other studio in the United States. If this one person has a good first experience, he'll be able to fight off a lot of the bad experiences he's going to have in the future. Maybe he'll be the great animator we've all been waiting for. Then he can give me a job. ●

Animator John Canemaker (left) and film editor Si Fried (right) look at rushes from *Woman of the Year* in Si's editing room.

JK

Joe Kubert

JOE KUBERT

Newspaper readers who have noticed the 'JKS/Raduta' signature on the famous long-running strip "Winnie Winkle" may have wondered about that. Well, the secret is out, and is detailed in the following recent explanation which we requested from Joe Kubert, the much-admired proprietor of The Joe Kubert School of Cartoon & Graphic Art in Dover, New Jersey.

When Max Van Bibber got ill, 'Winnie Winkle' was in deep trouble. Deadlines started falling by the wayside, because a replacement was *not* easy to obtain. That is, the *kind* of replacement who would *add* something to a strip which had peaked in popularity some time ago — and one who would be willing to accept the *very* little *money* offered to do it.

When the request from the Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate came to me, asking me if I knew of anyone available, or if a graduate student might be able to handle it, I suggested to Don Michel and Bob Reed that I would accept on the basis of it being a *school project* under my supervision. That is, my senior students (in any given or subsequent year) would work

WINNIE WINKLE
JUST WHAT I NEEDED... A COLD SORE, OR A FEVER BLISTER!
ALL I NEED NOW IS FOR MARINKA TO PAY ME ONE OF HER "SURPRISE" VISITS!
J.K.S. & RADUTA
8/21
JUST WHEN THINGS STARTED TO LOOK UP FOR ME... THIS HAD TO HAPPEN!
KNOCK KNOCK

WINNIE WINKLE
BILLY DECIDES TO BE FIRM WITH CONNIE.
YOU'RE GOING OUT TO DINNER WITH ME... WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!!
J.K.S. & RADUTA
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT SOME SOLID FOOD INTO YOUR SYSTEM!
8/24
NOW YOU GET READY WHILE I COMB MY HAIR!
I DIDN'T REALIZE HE COULD BE SO FORCEFUL! I LIKE THAT IN A MAN!
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on the strip under my direction.

We (The School) have taken on many such jobs in the past, which have been classified as part of our 'Work-Study' project. This work is not done during school hours, nor does it compromise the courses/studies that our students must adhere to. However, it does give senior students the opportunity to work on "real stuff" — which, as you know, is absolutely invaluable to anyone wanting to break into our business.

Although the money for "Winnie" is less than attractive, I felt it would be beneficial to the school and to the students to be involved in such a project.

The syndicate was at first worried about the changes in style — but I felt the strip should be more up-dated, more dramatic in storytelling, and more effective in character delineation. *All* changes made on the strip, Art-wise were accepted by the syndicate without *any* objections.

Hank Raduta, who has been writing the stories all along, is continuing to do so with little or no feedback from me — except for the fact that I've told him (through Don Michel) that I like the stuff he's writing. I think Hank's doing a bang-up job — and I like the way the strip is going. My contact with Hank, whom I've never met, is strictly through the mails, whereby I receive each week's scripts. I think we've caught up on the dragging deadlines, so the syndicate has stopped having to pay the heavy penalties caused by late deadlines.

I think the syndicate took a calculated risk with "Winnie," allowing the deviations in style which we instituted. But I think it's paid off. Actually, the syndicate has little choice with a strip that had been holding on by its teeth!

Incidentally, one or two other artists had been tried, I understand, but the results had been less than happy, for one reason or another. On top of everything else, I'd been aware that "Winnie" has been running since before I was *born*! I'd read it when I was a kid, when the comic strips were in their heyday! I freely admit to feeling a thrill in working on a strip connected with those days — a strip that formed my deepest desires to be a cartoonist in the first place!

One more thing — every once in a while, some reader of the "Winnie" strip may spot a heavy bearded character wearing glasses, walking through the story, sometimes serving hot dogs on the street, or riding an elevator, or eating in a restaurant. They (my students) say the character bears a striking resemblance to someone they know who runs a school out in Dover, New Jersey — but *I* don't see it! ●

WINNIE WINKLE
AS CONNIE PREPARES TO GO OUT WITH BILLY...
IS THIS WHAT I THINK IT IS?
SNIFF SNIFF
8-24
OH, NO ... NOT CONNIE!!
J.K.S. & RADUTA
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THE YELLOW KID

Here's another interesting conversation between noted cartoon collector and historian, GORDON CAMPBELL, and his wife, MARY.

by Gordon Campbell

WHATS NICER THAN A FINE NEW RANGE
?
TALK ABOUT EASE AND BEAUTY AND COMFORT SAY
"Get 'em" AT
Magill Hardware Co.
1132-34-36-38 Market St.

Magill Hardware Co. ad featuring the Yellow Kid, 1910

Gordon: Mary, would you like to pick out a cartoonist to profile for the upcoming issue?

Mary: You want me to reach out and touch someone ? How far back do you want me to reach?

Gordon: Before the turn of the century, if you like.

Mary: I cannot think of many names that far back in cartoon history, except Dirks, Swinnerton and Anderson.

Those three men lived until recent years and remained successful throughout their lives.

Gordon: That is right. Carl Anderson created "Henry" at the end of his career, in 1932, and King Features started syndicating it in strip form in December 1934. Dirks continued with versions of the Katzenjammer Kids and lived until he was 91 years of age. Swinnerton was nearly a hundred years old when he died in 1974. He had quit cartooning in 1958 and devoted his time to painting.

There were many cartoonists during that era. How about George B. Luks?

Mary: He was a painter who won't be remembered for his cartoons.

Gordon: Luks was hired to draw cartoons for Pulitzer, when Richard Outcault left with the group that deserted the World, when Hearst raided all the top talent. So George Luks did establish himself as a cartoonist, although, not a very good one. From October 1896 until May of 1898, he drew not only the "Yellow Kid", but added a pair of kids younger and smaller than Mickey Dugan (the Yellow Kid), and even yellower. Their names were Alex and George, "The Yellow Twins" and became as popular as their jaundiced elder brother.

Mary: Who were some of the cartoonists of that era?

Gordon: Thomas Worth, T. S. Allen, E. W. Kemble, Frank Ladendorf, A. N. Boyd, Billy Marriner, Dan McCarthy, T. S. Sullivant, Charles Saalburg, Mark Fenderson, J. B. Lowitz and Percy Winterbottom, to name a few.

Mary: Percy Winterbottom? Is that a name or are you doing a number on me? You could not go far with a name like that, without getting into a fight. I wonder if he and J. Carver Pusey became good friends.

Gordon: Winterbottom worked on the New York World during the time that George Luks was there, and signed his name as the inventor of the new art. By 1898, he too, had departed from the newspaper.

Mary: Everyone has heard of the Yellow Kid and Buster Brown, let us talk about Richard Outcault.

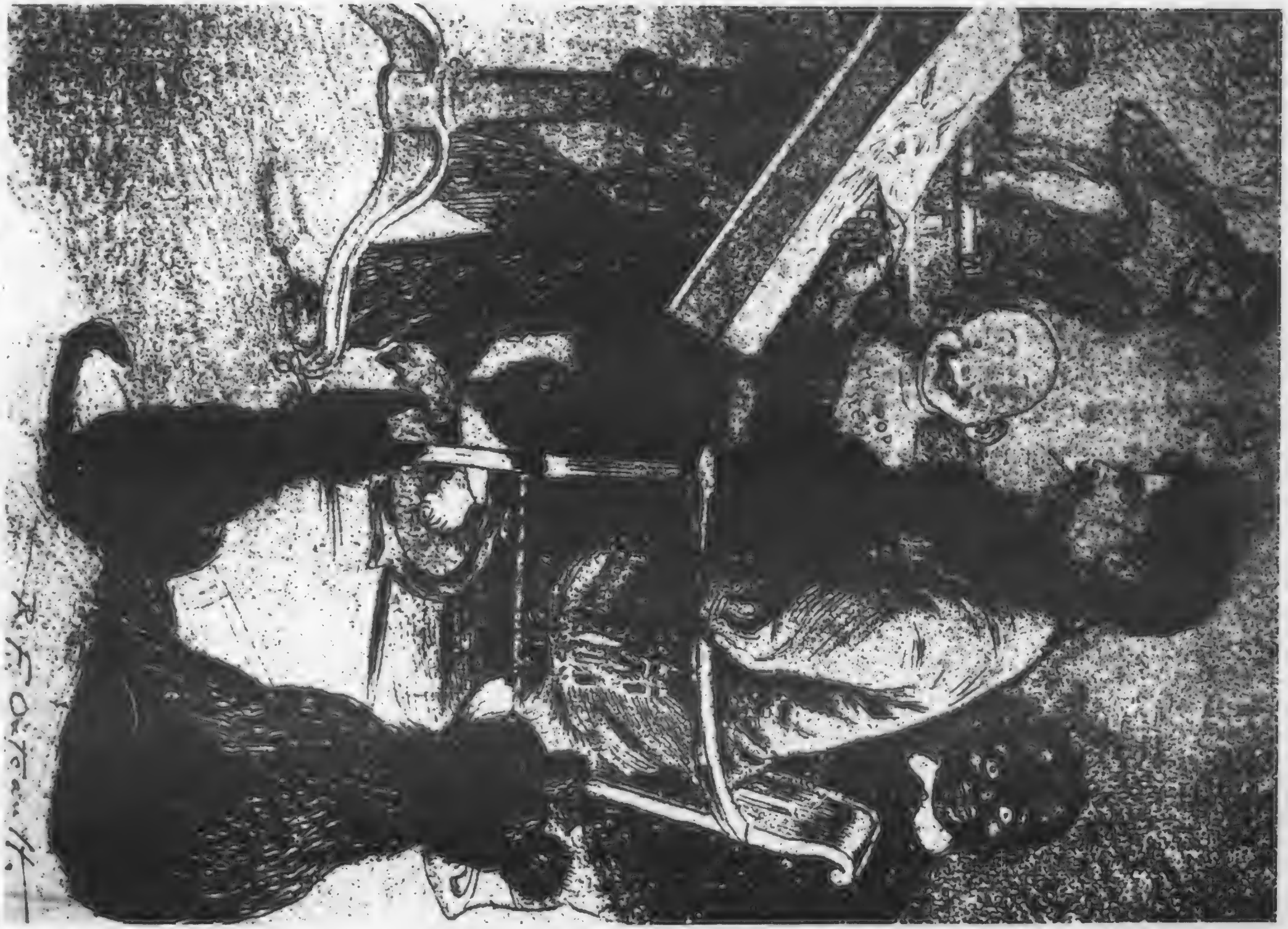
Gordon: On the first series of colored comics ever printed, Outcault's drawings adorned the cover page of the supplement, the illustrations showing a clown picnicking with a wolf-hound. The pair fell asleep after the meal and were visited by an anaconda. When the clown awoke, he found the snake had swallowed his dog; so he performed an operation on it, by which the feet of the dog were brought through the snake's side, and the clown led away the "anaconda dog". This bit of conception was called "The Origin of a New Species".

Mary: In what year did that appear?

Gordon: The comic supplement made its first real appearance on Sunday, November 18, 1894, in the New York World. There had been attempts to print color supplements before that date, but they

BUSTER BROWN

Outcault At Work (self portrait) October 1902



OUTCAULT AT WORK.

"Get 'em" AT **Magill Hardware Co.**
1132-34-36-38 Market St.

had all failed. The World's comic supplement was the result of three years' work to produce a color press that would print and register properly. This was an eight-page section, 10" x 18" in measurement, known in newspaper offices as magazine form.

When the press was ready, several schemes were discussed for making use of it. The editorial department heads had about decided to print a woman's fashion supplement in color; but about that time Morrill Goddard, city editor of the World, was made Sunday editor. He was very much opposed to the colored fashion section. It was his opinion that American humor, not fashion, should have the top priority with color. He had intended to try the comic-weekly idea as a Sunday supplement and had been searching for suitable artists for the staff. Judge, Life and Puck were at the height of their popularity and held practically all the comic artists under contract. Someone had suggested Richard F. Outcault, who could do comic drawings, though he had no reputation for it at the time. Outcault was a draftsman on the Electrical World and The Street Railway Journal; but loved to draw comics, and rather despised the hard and fast restrictions of drawing working parts of machinery. He wanted to draw comics pictures and had already drawn some for Truth magazine, a weekly then noted for striking color drawings by Charles Howard Johnson, Granville Smith and Archie Gunn. There was little chance that he would be a regular on Truth, and was willing to give up his foothold there for a regular position on the New York World staff.

Mary: So it happened that Outcault provided the first series ever printed in the Sunday comics.

Gordon: The comics supplement was a success from the start, but it wasn't until a year and a half later that it became very impressive. It was on February 16, 1896 when the World ran a three quarter page in full color entitled "The Great Dog Show In M'Googan Avenue" that the Yellow-Kid epidemic invaded New York, but it was several years in the development stage. About the time that Outcault left Truth magazine, Edward Harrigan's play "O'Reilly and the Four Hundred" was running in New York City. A song in the show, "Maggie Murphy's Home", began with the words: "Down in Hogan's Alley." Outcault had adapted the idea for a little series of comics in Hogan's Alley, and found that the drawings were acceptable to Truth. Months later, while he was working for the World, it occurred to him to continue with this idea. Topics of public interest were burlesqued by the characters in Hogan's Alley: the first subject treated was "The Great Cup Race On Reilly's Pond," followed by "The Great Social Event at Shantytown," spoofing the wedding of Miss Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough; "The Horse Show as Reproduced at Shantytown;" "The Racing Season Opens in Hogan's Alley;" and many similar subjects were depicted by Mr. Outcault.

The "Kid" was just one of many characters to help fill the drawing, and took no prominent part until that day the ingenious pressman, William Kelly, complained of the wishy-washy color schemes that came to him in printing-plate form, and Charles Saalburg, who was then on the art staff, suggested printing one of the figures in solid yellow. The next Sunday "The World" bloomed on the newsstands with a youngster in a bright yellow shirt. The Yellow Kid had arrived. The Kid became so popular that it began to appear on cracker tins, posters, cigarette packages, buttons, ladies' fans and many other products.

Mary: I would guess that Mr. Outcault's fame was assured, and he didn't have to struggle for a living.

Gordon: The New York Journal had installed a color press and at first had tried high-art humor, but without success. The public had gone wild over the Yellow Kid. Eight months later, Outcault was hired by Hearst and he took his Kid with him.

There were lawsuits for breaking contracts and copyright infringements. The suits were important to both newspapers, as the Sunday circulations increased, the circulations of competitive publications like Judge and Puck declined. The Sunday papers next, knocked out the various weekly editions that used warmed over material of the dailies which were prepared exclusively for country circulation. The country people demanded the big Sunday newspapers with their metropolitan and magazine sections, and above all, their new comics supplements.

Mary: Did the Yellow Kid survive the lawsuits?

Gordon: Yes, but his popularity waned, and he ceased to be a star in either paper. The last appearance of George Luk's "Hogan Alley" was on August 1, 1897, and Outcault returned to the World six months later to begin a new series of

SUNDAY. DECEMBER 27. 1903

Memphis Morning News.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT

COPYRIGHT 1903. BY THE NEW YORK HERALD COMPANY.

BUSTER BROWN

HAPPY NEW YEAR BOYS AND GIRLS !! WE WILL SEE HOW MUCH FUN WE CAN HAVE THIS YEAR. LET US LAUGH AND LAUGH. AND LET US BE GOOD AND KIND N[illegible] ONE CAN HAVE AN HONEST AND HI[illegible]THY LAUCH WHO IS N'T KIND

TIGE.

PA[illegible]TE

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ?

RESOLUTIONS

RESOLVED.

THAT DURING THE YEAR 1904 I WILL WEAR SAND PAPER SOLES ON MY SHOES - SO I WONT SLIP AND FALL FROM GRACE - BUT PSHAW I FORGET THAT NEXT YEAR IS LEAP YEAR - AND MA WILL KEEP ME ON THE LEAP I AM GOING TO GET A PRETTY TYPE WRITER - SO MANY MANY HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN HAVE WRITTEN TO ME AND I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO ANSWER THEM. BUT I WILL DO BETTER THIS NEXT YEAR

BUSTER BROWN.

(COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

GREAT BARGAIN SALE AT ALL THE BIG STORES TO-DAY TO COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS WILL GO TO BUYING A ROYAL HUSBAND FOR THE MOST POPULAR SHOP GIRL - THAT IS, IF SHE WOULD HAVE HIM. WHICH IS N'T CERTAIN. THE TITLES ARE ALL RIGHT[illegible] BUT THE HUSBANDS—

BA[illegible] BARGAINS. BARGAI[illegible]

1904.

HA[illegible] NEW YEAR

COME BUSTER

WHY DONT YOU LEAVE THE SLED AT HOME UNTIL IT SNOWS

HE'D BETTER GET OFF HIS MOTHER'S DRESS

MAYBE THERE'LL BE A DOG COLLAR SALE

I'M GOING TO THE BARGAIN SALE

2

WE CANT GET NEAR THE COUNTER

BARGAIN SALE

YOU HUSSEY

4

3

BARGAIN SALE

MAD DOG!

5

BARGAIN SALE

THATS THAT BROWN BOY

R. F. Outcault

6

THE YELLOW KID TREATS THE CROWD
UNEASY STREET
GEE DIS BEATS DE CARPET. WICH IS HARD TO BEAT

WD TO A HORSELESS CARRIAGE RIDE.
GEE DIS LOOKS LIKE A PROFESSIONAL GAME OF FEET BALL WEEN YALE AN PRINCETON DIS AINT SO ROUGH
WOULDN'T IT BE A GOOD THING IF WE BUT KILLED
GEORGE
I AM NO HERO MADE BUT SIMPLY MADDED TO DEATH
THIS STREET IS CHECKMATED

New York Journal, 1897

cartoons called "The New Bully", "The Casey Corner Kids", and "The Kelly Kids". The readers also lost interest in these features and they disappeared on August 6, 1899, when Outcault left to join the Herald Company.

Mary: Did he take any of his characters or titles with him?

Gordon: No, just experience. I think he wanted to start fresh with something new. During the next couple of years he created Buddy Tucker and in 1901, "Pore Lil Mose" was introduced as a black kid prankster, a more subdued character. It failed to attract reader interest, so during the following year Outcault created a Fauntleroyed boy in knee pa nts, wearing a sailor's broad-brimmed hat, who was in all sorts of mischief with his chums, Mary Jane and his dog Tige. "Buster Brown" became an immediate success and lived longer and more prosperously than the Yellow Kid. It was a happy idea and made its first appearance on May 4, 1902 and continued uninterrupted for seventeen years, although Outcault's "Buster Brown" was still being syndicated as late as 1921 and reprinted to the mid-twenties.

In 1906, Outcault was again tempted by the Hearst money and returned to the Journal staff, bringing his Buster Brown with him. At this time he owned the rights to his character and was making a fortune from the Buster Brown trademark, which had become a familiar label on clothing for youngsters from coast to coast.

The "business end" of Buster Brown was requiring the services of three people, so Outcault decided to form an advertising agency to promote and merchandise his "brain child". With family and several friends, he organized the Outcault Advertising Agency and located it in the Mid-West, at 508 South Dearborn Street in Chicago, where it operated for many years. Although he chose to live and work in New York.

Mary: Did the Herald Company try to continue the Buster Brown feature?

Gordon: Yes, it did not miss a Sunday — the last Outcault page was on January 7, 1906 and the following week it appeared in its usual spot, but drawn by a ghost artist. It continued for another four to five years and got progressively worse during this time and was finally dropped.

Mary: You said Mr. Outcault chose to live in New York. Was he a native New Yorker?

Gordon: No, he was born in Lancaster, Ohio, January 23, 1863, during the Civil War. He came from a rather well-to-do family and possessed an extraordinary art talent from childhood. He attended McMicken Academy in Cincinnati and while pursuing his studies he was engaged in painting landscapes on the doors of office safes. One day a gentleman approached him and asked if he could do mechanical drawings. Outcault, of course, said he could do that type of work.

This man was Mr. Hammer, Thomas Edison's engineer, but at that time Edison was not so famous. Shortly, Outcault received a wire from Edison and was asked to come East and go to work for him. Thomas Edison was very impressed with the young man, particularly with his Rabelaisian humor and ability to tell risque stories which he loved.

During the Paris Exposition, 1889-1890, Edison sent Outcault to France to oversee the installation of the company's exhibits. It was during this trip that Richard decided to add the last "U" to the Outcalt name, and thereafter it was spelled O-U-T-C-A-U-L-T.

He continued to work for Edison but frequently returned to Lancaster to court the granddaughter of the leading banker. In 1892, they eloped and returned to New York to make their home in Flushing. In latter years, it was here that he turned to his painting again with a fresh zeal. He painted hundreds of pictures, mostly in oil, outdoor scenes, portraits of friends and relatives and many of negro children, an interest he carried from his early cartoon days.

Richard Outcault became a highly respected figure in American art before his death on September 25, 1928. ●

RESOLVED
THAT WHEN THE CHILL NIGHTS OF AUTUMN COME IS WHEN WE NEED THOSE OVER GARMENTS THAT KEEP US WARM IF YOU GET THEM AT THE RIGHT PLACE THEY WILL NOT ONLY MAKE YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE BUT LOOK SO. BUSTER BROWN.
R.F. Outcault
No. 30.
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY THE BUSTER BROWN Co. CHICAGO
MARY JANE IN AUTUMN TOGS.
M. M. Newcomer & Co.
ALL CARS STOP AT NEWCOMER'S

M. M. Newcomer ad (Buster Brown ad cuts trade mark) 1906

Jim Henson's MUPPETS

HEH! HEH!

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK TO THE COMICS!

Funnee Comic Gags by Fozzie

GAGS

OH, KERM-IE! IT'S MOI AND VOUS! TOGETHER IN PRINT! AHHHH...

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED, THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT OUR OWN STRIP, FOLKS!

Kermit

BY GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST

The FUNNIES

Jim Henson's MUPPETS

Why is it that the *really* big ones always seem to come from King?

Superstars of Superstrips

Blondie
Beetle Bailey
Hägar the Horrible

Panels with Punch

The Lockhorns
Rafferty
Ripley's Believe It or Not
Hazel
Laff-a-Day
They'll Do It Every Time
Laugh Time
The Little Woman
My Grandma
Today's World
Ponytail
Queenie
Trudy
You're Getting Closer
Little Iodine
Junior Whirl

The Greatest Gags

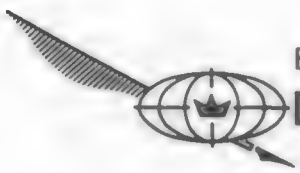
Hi & Lois
Barney Google & Snuffy Smith
Agatha Crumm
Redeye
Popeye
Bringing Up Father
No Comment
Archie
Tiger
Boner's Ark
Sam & Silo
The Small Society
Inside Woody Allen
Moose Miller
The Katzenjammer Kids
Mr. Abernathy
Henry
The Flop Family
Nubbin
Quincy
Hubert

Adventure, Suspense, and Mystery

Flash Gordon
Mandrake the Magician
The Phantom
Prince Valiant
Steve Canyon
Buz Sawyer
Secret Agent Corrigan
Brick Bradford
Dr. Kildare
Tim Tyler's Luck
The Heart of Juliet Jones
Rip Kirby
Gunner

The Disney Touch

Winnie the Pooh
Donald Duck
Scamp
Mickey Mouse
Treasury of Disney Classics



Bill Yates, Comics Editor
King Features Syndicate
235 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

MUPPET characters © Henson Associates, Inc. 1981

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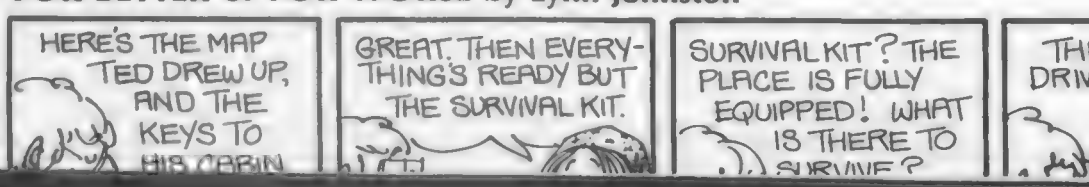
DOONESBURY by Garry Trudeau

JOAN, WILL YOU HAVE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR WEDDED HUSBAND, TO LOVE, HONOR AND CHERISH, SO LONG AS YOU BOTH SHALL LIVE?
I WILL.
AND WILL YOU, RICHARD, HAVE THIS WOMAN TO BE YOUR WEDDED WIFE, TO LOVE, HONOR AND CHERISH, SO LONG AS YOU BOTH SHALL LIVE?
UH.. RICHARD?
BOY, THIS WE SHOU DONE THI

CATHY by Cathy Guisewite

I'M OKAY, MOM, REALLY. I WAS JUST A TEENY BIT NERVOUS THAT WHOEVER ROBBED ME MIGHT COME BACK.
AAACK! MY BABY!
MY BABY! MY BABY!
MOM... WAIT.. MOM..
MY BABY! I'M HERE, MY BABY!
WHAT TO D

FOR BETTER or FOR WORSE by Lynn Johnston


HERE'S THE MAP TED DREW UP, AND THE KEYS TO HIS CABIN
GREAT. THEN EVERY-THING'S READY BUT THE SURVIVAL KIT.
SURVIVAL KIT? THE PLACE IS FULLY EQUIPPED! WHAT IS THERE TO SURVIVE?
TH DRI

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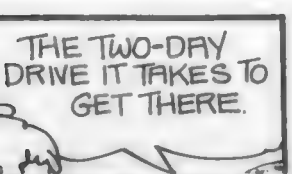
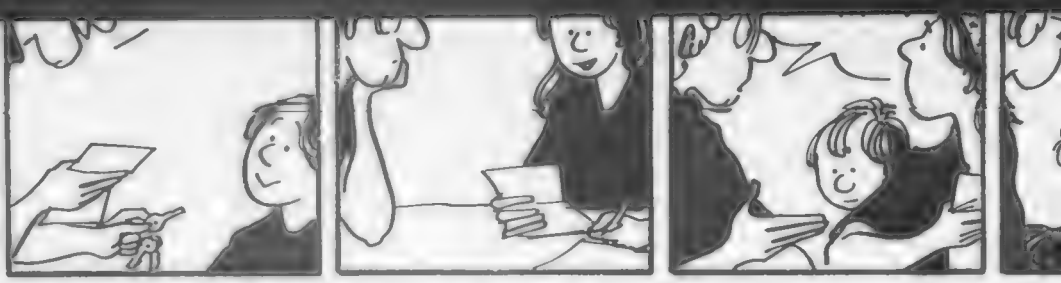


ZIGGY™ by Tom Wilson

HERMAN by Jim Unger



TANK McNAMARA by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds

YOUR KID'S BACK FROM MAJOR LEAGUER S' CHEATING CAMP?
LAST NIGHT.
EVER GET OVER HIS SCRUPLES ABOUT CHEATING?
FIRST THING HE SAID TO ME WAS: 'DAD, IT'S OKAY BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES IT...'
SPORTS RE
TEACHER, 19

WINGTIPS by Michael Goodman

OH, GEEZ, ANOTHER MESSY DIVORCE!
I WANT THE HOUSE
AND I WANT THE CAR!
AND I, JUDGE WINGTIPS, WANT ONE HALF OF THE HOUSE AND ONE HALF OF THE CAR.
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THEIR FRIENDLY FAMILY LAWYER!

Humor

The best from UPS

ACCORDING TO GUINNESS / Sunday Page — (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/2 tab and 1/6 page)

CATHY by Cathy Guisewite / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., full and 1/2 tab)

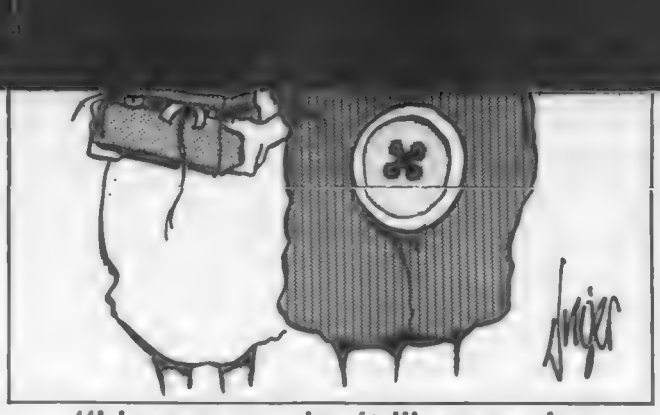
DOONESBURY by Garry Trudeau / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., full and 1/2 tab)

DOWNSTOWN by Tim Downs / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., full and 1/2 tab)

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE by Lynn Johnston / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., full and 1/2 tab)

GAMES by Editors of Games magazine / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., and 1/2 tab)

HERMAN by Jim Unger / Daily (2-column panel) and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., full



"I know you don't like messing around with a lot of little buttons."

PAVLOV by Ted Martin

"Don't forget which pile of sand Father's under — he's got the car keys."

and 1/2 tab)

TANK McNAMARA by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., and 1/2 tab)

PAVLOV by Ted Martin / Daily except Sunday — 2-column panel

SELLING SHORT by Ken Ross & Don Raden / Daily except Sunday — 1-column panel

SMITH FAMILY by Mr. & Mrs. George Smith / Daily and Sunday (1/3 st., 1/4 st., full and 1/2 tab)

TRIM'S ARENA by Hal Trim / Daily except Sunday — 2-column panel

TELEWORD by Julie Quart / 1x Week — Sunday

WINGTIPS by Mike Goodman / Daily and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., full and 1/2 tab)

WONDERWORD by Jo Ouellet / Daily and Sunday (1/3 st., 1/2 st.)

ZIGGY by Tom Wilson / Daily (2-column panel) and Sunday (1/2 st., 1/3 st., 1/4 st., and 1/2 tab)

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GIANT Editorial

Here is a miniature reproduction of the great AAEC Roster Poster just issued. Self-caricatures by 218 of the world's top editorial cartoonists were printed on rich-looking Silver Currency stock in bright red and black, for the 25th Annual Convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, in Nashville, Tennessee, this past June 16th to 21st. A limited quantity of these numbered posters, measuring 32″ by 23″ can be obtained on a first-come, first-served basis. AAEC members are asked to send $7.00, and the poster is available to all others for $9.95 (postage and handling charges included). Send your check to the cartoonist who did the incredible job of putting together this great poster, Dani Aguila.

Send to:
DANI AGUILA
3906 Wallace Lane
Nashville, TN 37215

$ 9.95

Cartoonist POSTER

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN EDITORIAL CARTOONISTS

ADVISORY BOARD

Commemorative AAEC ROSTER POSTER™

Compiled & designed by DAN AGUILA

25th Annual Convention

June 16-21, 1981

Nashville, Tennessee

MUSIC CITY, USA

RADISSON PLAZA HOTEL

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN EDITORIAL CARTOONISTS

AAEC Members whose Cartoons were unavailable:

- CLIFF BALDOWSKI, Atlanta Constitution GA
- KERR CROOK
- DALE CUMMINGS, Montreal Canada
- BILL DAY Oakland Press MI
- PAUL DUGANIER
- NEIL FISK, Boulder Daily Camera CO
- TOM HAYGOOD
- HUGH HAYNIE, The Louisville Courier KY
- BYRON HUMPHREY
- MIKE LANE, Baltimore Evening Sun MD
- JOHN LARTER, Edmonton Sun Canada
- WALT PARTYKA (LFR (Ret.), York Daily Record PA
- MIKE PEVERINS
- VICK ROSCHKOV, Toronto Star Canada
- BILL SCHORR, Los Angeles Examiner CA
- MARK SEWELL
- VAUGHN SHOEMAKER (Ret.), Chicago Today IL
- FRANK TYGER

PAST PRESIDENTS

1966-67 1967-68 1968-69 1969-70 1970-71 1971-72 1972-73 1973-74 1974-75 1975-76 1976-77 1977-78 1978-79

A Jerry De Fuccio Request...

Courtesy Fiction House Inc.

Hank Fletcher, alias Barclay Flagg, Fletcher Hanks, Hank Christy, broke into comic books during the 1939-1940 boom. His art was primitive, his stories were weird. Today, he is gathering adherents who see something in his "unique design and story-telling". Honest! Fletcher appeared for no more than two years in Jungle, Fight, Daring Mystery, and Fantastic Comics. We're looking for fellow artists who may have known him, at Fiction House or Fox, or anywhere.

-Jerry De Fuccio-

JUNGLE COMICS

MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE

FANTOMAH

By BARCLAY FLAGG

FANTOMAH, THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN EVER KNOWN, HAS SUCH STRANGE POWERS AND INSIGHT, THAT SHE FORESEES ALL THAT IS TO HAPPEN IN CONNECTION WITH JUNGLE LIFE . . .

SHE SEES, IN A FAR-OFF LABORATORY, A FAMOUS SCIENTIST, WORKING ON A SECRET SERUM OF GREAT POWER . . .

THE SERUM IS AT LAST PERFECTED! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE APES AND GIVE THEM BRAINS SUPERIOR TO ANY MAN'S!

I'LL MAKE A RACE OF BEAST-MEN, WITH INTELLIGENCE ENOUGH TO CONQUER THE WORLD! THROUGH MY SERUM, I CAN CONTROL THEM ALL! THUS, I SHALL BECOME THE HEAD OF A GREAT WORLD EMPIRE!

TWO WEEKS LATER, A FAST PLANE HEADS FOR THE DENSE JUNGLE . .

WE MUST FIND THE HUGE GORGON GORILLAS!

1.

Courtesy Fiction House Inc.

WE'LL LAND AT MAMBA KRAAL AND TREK INTO THE WEST JUNGLE!
WE MUST CAPTURE THE GORILLAS UNHARMED, SO THAT THE SERUM WILL TAKE THE PROPER EFFECT!
AFTER THE LONG FLIGHT, THEY FINALLY SIGHT THE AFRICAN VILLAGE, MAMBA.
HERE WE ARE!
THEY LAND AND BEGIN MAKING THEIR ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE TREK. . . .
I WANT A SAFARI ORGANIZED TO TAKE US INTO THE GORGON GORILLA REGION!
ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR! YOU SHALL HAVE A GOOD GUIDE AND TRAPPERS AND RELIABLE PORTERS!
CONGO TRADING
THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS ARE MADE, AND THE SAFARI GETS UNDER WAY. FANTOMAH, INVISIBLE TO THEM, FOLLOWS THEIR COURSE . . . . . .
WE'LL SOON SEE GORGON GORILLAS, DOCTOR!!
BE CAREFUL NOT TO HURT THEM IN ANY MANNER!
②

THEY ENTER THE GORILLA COUNTRY.

WE'LL PREPARE THE TRAPS NOW!

A LARGE HOLE IS DUG, AND A BAM-BOO CAGE IS SUSPENDED OVER IT.

WE SHALL PAD THE HOLE WITH GRASS!

AND COVER IT WITH A FRAME, HIDDEN BY LEAVES!

A TRAINED GUIDE USES HIS REED PIPE, AN ARTIFICIAL "GORILLA CALL", TO ATTRACT THE BIG APES . . . .

FROM OUT OF THE DENSE FOREST, COMES A GROUP OF HUGE GORILLAS.

THE TRAP IS IN THEIR PATH.

LOOK, MAC! WE SHOULD CAPTURE SEVERAL!

THE GORILLAS FINALLY REACH THE TRAP!...

WE HAVE TRAPPED FOUR OF THEM, DOCTOR!

FINE! NOW I'LL MAKE THE EXPERIMENT!

THE FOUR TRAPPED GORILLAS ARE CAREFULLY CAGED IN THE HOLE . . .

FINALLY, ONE OF THEM CLIMBS OUT . . . .

BE READY TO GRAB A FOOT! AND GET THE NEEDLE, MAC!

THE SKILLED TRAPPERS QUICKLY SEIZE A FOOT. . . .

IN THE NEXT INSTANT, AN INJECTION OF THE SECRET SERUM IS CLEVERLY MADE . . .

NOW WE'LL WAIT FOR THE REACTION!

THE GORILLA GRADUALLY CHANGES EXPRESSION. . . HE BEGINS TO STARE AT THE SCIENTIST LIKE A SLAVE ADMIRING HIS MASTER . . .

MEANWHILE, FANTOMAH APPROACHES . . . . .

THIS WHITE FIEND MUST BE STOPPED!

THE SERUM TAKES MORE EFFECT, AND THE GORILLA BEGINS ROARING LOUDLY. . . . SOON, FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GORILLA REGION, THE HUGE GORGONS START MOVING TOWARDS THE CAGE.

④

HE'S CALLING ALL THE GORGON GORILLAS! I'LL ORDER HIM TO HAVE THEM COME TO ME AND BE INJECTED WITH MY SERUM!

AS HE SPEAKS, A FORM SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THE SCIENTIST AND ISSUES A WARNING . . . . . .

YOU HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH, YOU FIEND! IF YOU TRY TO CARRY OUT YOUR PLANS, YOU SHALL DIE A JUNGLE DEATH!

THE FORM QUICKLY DISAPPEARS . . . . .

WHO WAS THAT MEDDLER, MAC?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT LOOK!

THE NATIVES HAVE STARTED RETREATING DOWN THE TRAIL, HEADED FOR THIER MAMBA KRAAL . .

THEY'RE LEAVING US ALONE WITH ALL THESE GORILLAS!

THE GORILLAS BEGIN APPEARING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, AND COME STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE CAGE . . .

GOOD HEAVENS! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO INUECT THEM WITH THE SERUM! THEN WE CAN CONTROL THEM!

YOU MUST TELL THEM TO STAND STILL WHILE I INJECT THEM!

YES, MASTER!

THE CAGED GORILLA ROARS, AND THE OTHERS LINE UP QUIETLY.

ONE BY ONE, THE GORILLAS ARE INJECTED WITH THE SERUM. . .

GIVE ME MORE SERUM, MAC!

IN TEN DAYS, I'LL HAVE A SUPER-RACE!

MAC, FEARING FANTOMAH'S WARNING, HAS DECIDED TO RETURN TO MAMBA.

THAT DIRTY DESERTER!

I'LL FIX HIM!

THE DEATH OF MAC LEAVES THE DOCTOR IN FULL CONTROL OF THE TRANSFORMED APES. .

FROM NOW ON, I AM YOUR HIGH COMMANDER! TAKE THESE RIFLES AND CAPTURE OR KILL EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD! **ON TO THE ATTACK!!!**

YES, MASTER!

FANTOMAH, INVISIBLE, WATCHES THE NOW SUPER-GORILLAS RUSH DOWN TOWARD THE VILLAGES. . . . . .

SHE SEES THE TERRIFIED JUNGLE PEOPLE FLEE. . . . . .

TORTURE EVERY RESISTER! TWIST THEIR HEADS OFF!

YOU FIEND! YOU SHALL DIE BY YOUR OWN EVIL CREATION!

FANTOMAH WHISKS THE SCIENTIST THROUGH THE AIR. . . . . .

DOWN BELOW YOU IS YOUR DEMONIZED ARMY OF GORILLAS!

FANTOMAH RELEASES HIM . . . . .

AND YOUR SERUM, TOO, SHALL BE DESTROYED!

HE FALLS IN THE PATH OF THE BLOOD-THIRSTY ARMY.

DOCTOR, YOUR TIME HAS COME!

FANTOMAH USES HER JUNGLE RESTORATIVE RAY, AND THE APES BECOME NORMAL.

GO BACK TO YOUR REGION AND STAY!

FANTOMAH WILL APPEAR AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

RUBE GOLDBERG

1883-1970

IKE, RUBE GOLDBERG WAS THE MOST ORIGINAL AND BRILLIANT CARTOONIST IN AMERICA'S HISTORY. HE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CARTOONISTS SOCIETY WHEN IT WAS FORMED IN 1946!
I KNOW MIKE, HE EVEN DESIGNED THE ANNUAL AWARD STATUETTE, THE "REUBEN." HE WAS AWARDED THE PULITZER PRIZE IN 1948 FOR THE BEST EDITORIAL CARTOON!
THE ORIGINAL SIAMESE TWINS
DID YOU HEAR? SACKS FINE ART HAS A 50 PAGE CATALOG ILLUSTRATING OVER 120 RARE RUBE GOLDBERG PEN AND INK CARTOONS!
WOW! WHAT A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE AN ORIGINAL RUBE! I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL IN MUSEUM COLLECTIONS!

RUBE GOLDBERG catalog illustrating over 120 original cartoons dating from 1912-1934 is available for $6.00ppd. All works are for sale, and price list is included.

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TARGET

THE POLITICAL CARTOON QUARTERLY

AT LAST, A MAGAZINE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO POLITICAL CARTOONING

TARGET, the Political Cartoon Quarterly, will appear October 1. Here are some of the features of this exciting, new magazine:

- *Interviews:* Probing, offbeat interviews with America's leading cartoonists. In its first issue, TARGET will talk to Don Wright of the *Miami News* about his cartoon education, his politics, his views of contemporary cartoonists, and his new book.
- *Essays:* A unique series of columns written by professional cartoonists on issues and ideas that concern them most. TARGET's first guest columnist will be Bob Gorrell, of the *Charlotte News*.
- *History:* Important contributions to cartoon literature, examining all aspects of the art and its creators from the past. The first issue of TARGET will feature a revealing study of Thomas Nast's friendship with U.S. Grant.
- *Portfolio:* Spotlighting the work of cartoonists just starting out, cartoonists long forgotten, or cartoonists in the news. TARGET's first portfolio will present the refreshingly original work of Toles of the *Buffalo Courier-Express*.
- *Book Reviews:* Giving attention to every political cartoon book published in America in uncompromising, intelligent reviews.
- *Drawing Board:* A chronicle of what's happening in cartooning: who's been hired, who's been fired, who's won what award, who's been signed by what syndicate, and which papers are looking for cartoonists.
- *Canadian Drawing Board:* Keeping Americans abreast with all aspects of Canadian cartooning news, edited by Canada's foremost cartoon-watcher, Steve Bradley.
- *Plus....* Letters to the editor, editorials, and a special pull-out advertising section for professionals and fans who want to buy, sell, and trade cartoons.

For four issues, the first year of TARGET, the Political Cartoon Quarterly, send $10 to TARGET, 427 Kalmia St., Warminster, PA 18974

Limited Edition Comic
Famous Fine

LAW AND ORDER FIRST

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Art from Art Book Publisher

By HUGH L. LEVIN

Harry N. Abrams, Inc. has long been known for publishing fine art books such as H. W. Janson's *History of Art* (more than 3,000,000 copies sold in 16 different languages), the bestseller *Gnomes,* and the "coffee table books" for which Abrams is famous. It is only during the past few years, however, that Abrams has become known for a new kind of publication: Limited Edition Comic Art.

It's not as much of an incongruity as it may seem. In addition to being the world's largest publisher of fine art books, Abrams is also one of the country's largest publishers of fine limited edition prints. When Abrams publishes a book on a contemporary artist, such as Robert Motherwell, Agam, or Christo, Abrams usually also publishes a limited edition print by the same artist. Abrams' prints are in some of the nation's best museum, corporate, and private collections. But how did Abrams come to publish fine limited edition prints of comic art? The answer is simple: Harry Abrams and Toni Mendez.

Toni Mendez is the champion of many comic artists. As an agent, she has represented numerous comic artists as diverse as Milton Caniff and Kliban. She is also a board member of the Newspaper Comics Council. Toni suggested to Harry Abrams that Abrams publish limited editions of Comic Art. Besides calling attention to comics as an art form, this would also raise money for the Newspaper Comics Council to further promote comics and comic art. Harry loved the idea, although it was hardly without risk. Fine comic art prints had never been created before. A new market would have to be found. In addition, the prints had to be regarded as art — not camp — in order to sell well. Abrams had explored new markets in the past, and had gloriously succeeded in changing the public's perception of art. In 1950, when Abrams was founded, most publishers thought that there was no interest in art books in this country; this is obviously no longer the case. When Abrams published an art book on Norman Rockwell, it helped to elevate Rockwell's reputation from illustrator to artist.

Abrams recognized the merit of comic art. He felt that it was a widely acknowledged American art form which required true artistic talent. Furthermore, since Americans are always interested in nostalgia, comic prints by the great comic artists would have an immediate following. Cartoon art had been glorified by several pop artists, including Roy Lichtenstein, and many major artists' first introduction to art was through comics. Many of them began drawing by copying newspaper comics, and before they had ever heard of "fine artists" they wanted to be cartoonists. Abrams knew that the prints should be published but he wasn't sure how they should be printed.

Andrew Stewart became president of Harry N. Abrams, Inc., when Harry, at the young age of 70, left to establish a new publishing company. Harry had sold Abrams to the Times Mirror Company (the parent company of the Los Angeles Times) ten years previously. Andy decided that the comic art prints should be of the finest quality. True hand-pulled lithographs and silkscreens, utilizing up to 23 colors, on 100% rag paper, to be produced in a strictly limited edition of 100 signed and numbered prints. This would create true museum quality prints.

Toni Mendez, along with Avonne Keller and Chuck Kline of the Newspaper Comics Council, got 20 of the top Comic artists to create artwork for the prints. They did a fantastic job of coordinating all of the arrangements with the artists. They had to explain the project to the artists, oversee the contracts, get the artwork, relay proofs and corrections, and arrange for the signing of all the prints. It's a herculean task to produce one edition with one artist, but producing 20 editions with 20 different artists is a major feat.

The artists who made prints for the portfolio are: Milton Caniff, Alfred Andriola, Johnny Hart, Allen Saunders, Mort Walker, Ferd Johnson, Dick Moores, Fred Fredericks, Hal Foster, Al Capp, Fred Lasswell, Ken Ernst, Al Smith, V. T. Hamlin, Ernie Bushmiller, Chester Gould, Howie Schneider, Walt Kelly, Roy Crane, Mell Lazarus, Bud Sagendorf and Lee Falk.

The images created for this project are especially meaningful. For most of the artists it was the first, and perhaps the only, time that they would create fine prints. The art work received considerable attention from the artists — and the results often reflect the essence of the strip. The Chet Gould print shows Dick Tracy in profile, sporting a wrist T.V.; the Milt Caniff print portrays Steve Canyon surrounded by dozens of characters who have appeared in the strip over the years; Hal Foster shows Prince Valiant on horse-

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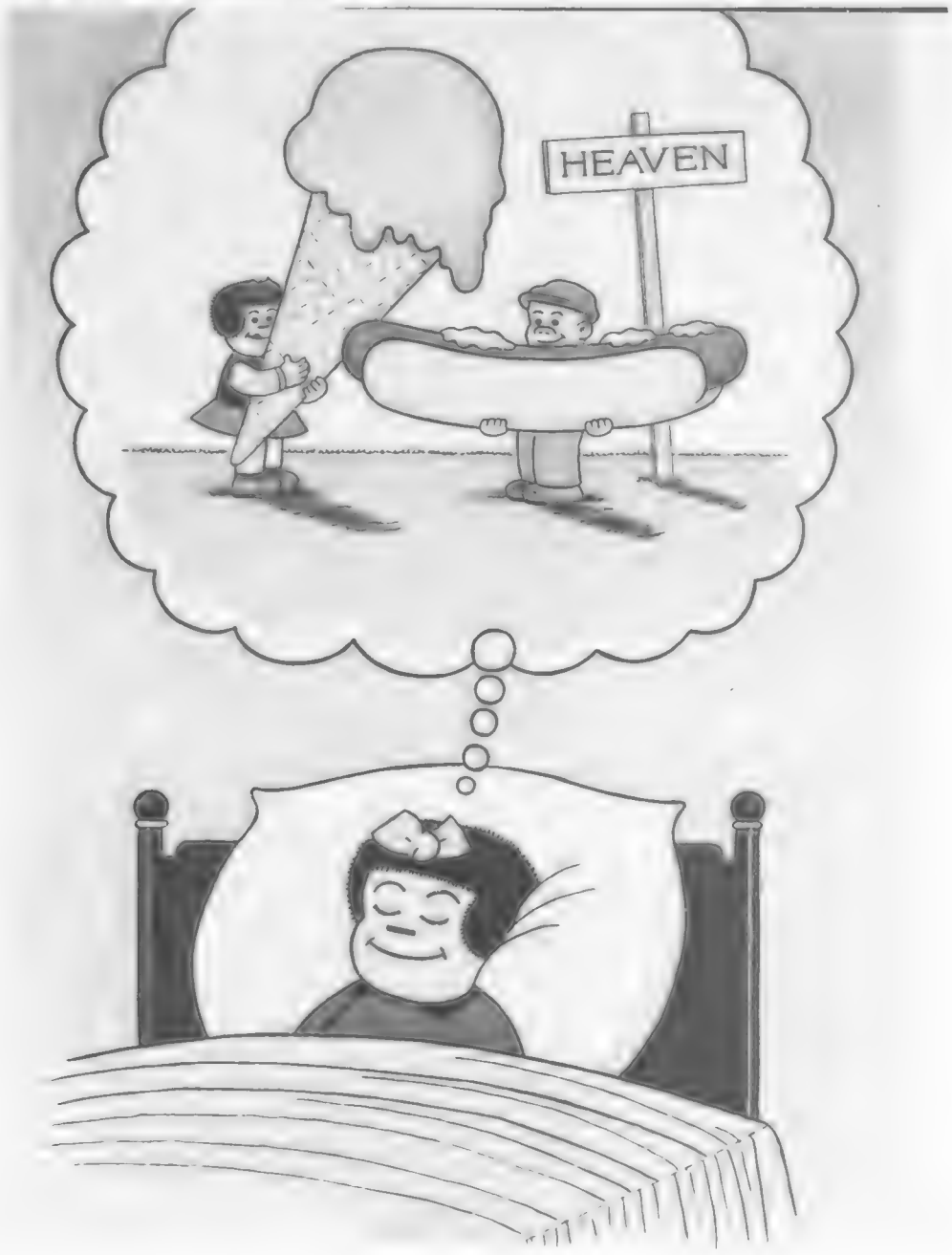

back; and Fred Lasswell's Snuffy Smith is taking a snooze with a jug of moonshine at his side.

The Snuffy Smith print was particularly difficult to create. Fred Lasswell wanted it to have the feel of the strip — so instead of printing on a beautiful sheet of white 100% rag paper, he wanted it printed on sheets of "old brown paper bag" — a tremendously creative idea. The problem is that old brown paper bags are full of acid and won't last even several years without discoloring. Since all of the prints were supposed to be museum quality and up to archival standards, this was hardly possible. Thanks to a printer who would try anything, we came up with a solution. We used white 100% rag paper and printed it the color of a brown paper bag. The paper was then soaked in water, crumpled up, dried, and pressed. The result is the most expensive cheap brown paper ever made — with Snuffy Smith on it. It's a great print.

The comic art prints have been received very well, and have been shown at dozens of art galleries throughout the United States. There have been major shows at art galleries in Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto, Atlanta, and other cities as well. The prints originally sold for $250 each, but because of the strong demand, some are now selling for $500 each. They are now in the homes of art collectors across the country.

This series of limited editions is another example of comic art being recognized as a fine art. In fact, the Limited Edition Comic Art Portfolio is on display in the print gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Hardly a bigger compliment could have been paid to all of those involved with the project than to see these fine works of art in one of the country's great museums. ●

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Adults (18+)	Children (6-17)
a. 20 million	a. 64 million
b. 30 million	b. 34 million
c. 40 million	c. 14 million
d. 100 million	d. 4 million

2. How many newspapers are in the METRO COMICS network?

a. 45
b. 75
c. 95
d. 105

3. The total circulation of METRO COMICS is . . .

a. 4 million
b. 14 million
c. 24 million
d. 34 million

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In the event of a tie, a drawing will be made to determine the winner.

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CHICAGO DETROIT LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

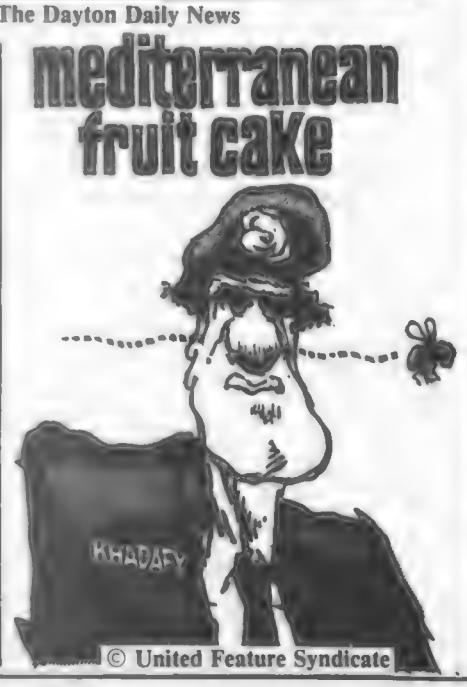
© The Westport News

On August 26th this cartoon, referring of course to the Libyan firing on two U.S. Navy F-14s, drawn by GILL FOX, appeared in the Westport (CT) News. Later, his editor, Lawrence Fellows, showed an astounded Fox the 4 other cartoons shown on these pages which had appeared the same day. Naturally each of the 5 cartoonists was unaware of what the other editorial cartoonists were drawing.

5 OF A KIND!

Don Hesse of St. Louis Globe-Democrat
© The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Mike Peters of The Dayton Daily News



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"I'm warning you, Reagan! Stop violating my airspace!"

Hugh Haynie of The Louisville Courier-Journal . © The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

"WE CONDEMN THIS FLAGRANT VIOLATION OF LIBYAN AIRSPACE!"

John Trever of The Albuquerque Journal © Field Newspaper Syndicate

© Thames Television

L to R: Bill Tidy, famed creator of two British comic strips ('The Cloggies' and 'The Fosdyke Saga'), Bob Godfrey (A top British animator and Academy Award Winner), and Roy Castle (Famous comedian of stage and screen).

Denis Gifford's British TV Game Show

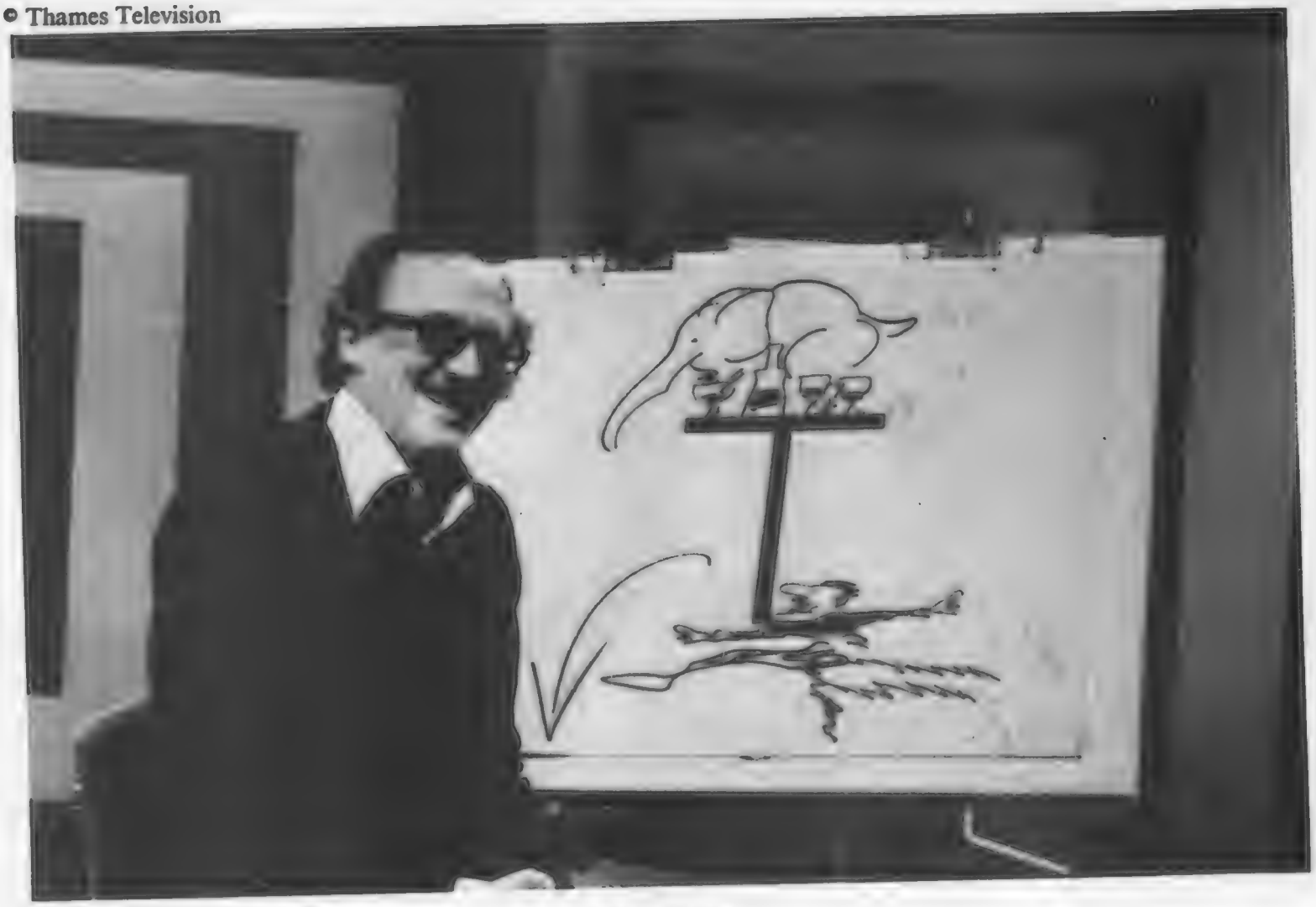
This past April, at the annual National Cartoonists Society Awards Dinner at the Plaza Hotel in New York City, we had the pleasure of sitting at the same table with a longtime friend, DENIS GIFFORD, the creator of the long-running British television game-show, QUICK ON THE DRAW. Denis wanted us to be sure and tell our readers that when his show began in London in 1974, he was unaware that our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, Bob Dunn, appeared on U.S. television with a similarly named program. Denis has just completed another successful season with the show — a few scenes from which we're reproducing here. The following notes by Denis will give you an idea as to what the show is like.

QUICK ON THE DRAW

"Quick On the Draw" is a television game show featuring cartoonists in high-speed action, currently running on British independent television. It was created in 1974 by cartoonist and author, Denis Gifford, in the wake of his long-running nostalgic panel game, "Looks Familiar". It is produced by David Clark for Thames Television, and nationally networked in an afternoon slot. The original host of the first series was Bob Monkhouse, one of England's top television comedians and film stars, who is currently starring in the Anglo-American syndicated TV series "Bonkers".

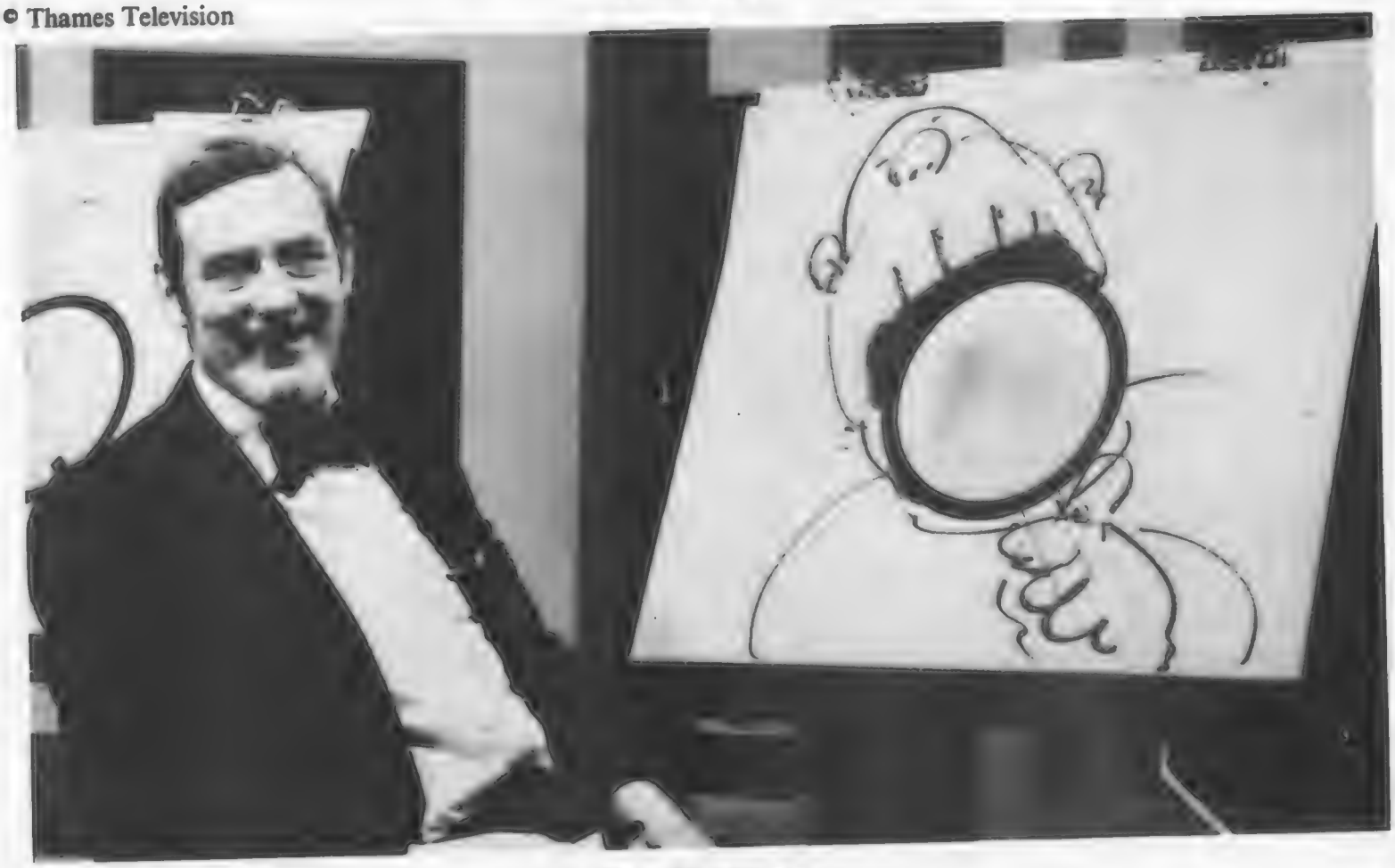
Bob and Denis Gifford were at school together and as embryo comic artists set up an early co-operative in editing and producing comicbooks during the late Forties. Bob, a brilliant cartoonist, abandoned art for performing and script-writing, while Denis continued writing, drawing, editing, and publishing British comics, while writing many books on comics and cinema history. His books include a humorously instructional book on cartooning for children, based on his TV series and entitled "Quick on the Draw". This book includes contributions from such stalwarts of the series as Rolf Harris, the Australian entertainer who was the show's second chairman; Michael Bentine, the original "Goon Show" comedian and the show's current chair-

© Thames Television



Bill Tidy

© Thames Television



Bob Godfrey

© Thames Television

Roy Castle

man; Bill Tidy, the show's resident cartoonist and famed creator of "The Cloggies" and "The Fosdyke Saga" strips, and Graeme Garden, one of "The Goodies" television comedy team.

The format of the series is quick and simple. The chairman draws a problem at his board, and the team of three cartoonists take it in turn to sketch their solutions. The questions may take the form of a "Cartoon Cliche" — a palm tree, a brick — which the team have to twist into quick gags, or a "Tricky Quickie", where a doodle or a shape must be converted into a cartoon with a minimum of additional lines. Then there is "Title Fight," where punning pictures drawn by the cartoonists illustrate film, TV, or book titles (A seasick butler is "How Green Was My Valet"!), and "The Balloon Goes Up", in which apt captions are added to ancient illustrations selected from Denis's famous historic comic collection. "Serial Story" has the team provide their way-out solutions to a suspenseful scene from an old adventure strip, and dozens of other rounds and gimmicks are used to help the show simply fly along. "Identitwit" has the panellists attempt to draw a visiting celebrity from the chairman's graphic description, and this provides the climax of the show. In the first series famous cartoonists drew their famous characters, unseen by the team and the audience, but suitable cartoonists were quickly exhausted. Virtually every well-known British cartoonist has guested on the Series, and the studio shots here show the set-up with Bill Tidy, Bob Godfrey, and Roy Castle on a typical show.

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Harold Foster	*Prince Valiant*
Chester Gould	*Dick Tracy*
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Johnny Hart	*B.C.*
Ferd Johnson	*Moon Mullins*
Walt Kelly	*Pogo*
Fred Laswell	*Snuffy Smith*
Mell Lazarus	*Miss Peach*
Dick Moores	*Gasoline Alley*
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MUSEUM of CARTOON ART

Fundraiser

Planning for the annual Gala Fundraiser for the Museum got into high gear this summer as the steering committee began dividing responsibilities for this year's events. Although past Galas have been overwhelming successes, the diligent committee has set its sights on the best party ever. More food, more fun and more funds raised are the goals for this year's events; and as things are shaping up now, those goals should be achieved.

It will be held Saturday the 21st of November this year, with donations for tickets being $150 per couple and $100 for individuals.

Those of you who have attended past Galas know that a marvelous time is had by all with lots of drinking, dancing and merry-making. Those of you who haven't attended, come see what you've been missing and know that the funds raised from this event provide a large chunk of the Museum of Cartoon Art's annual budget. Give us a hand, and enjoy yourself too! For ticket information, call (914) 939-0234 or write: The Museum of Cartoon Art, Comly Avenue, Port Chester, NY 10573.

Cartooning Workshop

SUMMER CARTOONING WORKSHOP FOR CHILDREN

For the second summer in a row, the Museum of Cartoon Art offered a children's cartooning workshop. With the aid of college student (and aspiring cartoonist) John Murtaugh, the Museum offered four classes on basic cartoon techniques. John received a unanimous Bravo for the quality of his teaching and his pleasant rapport with the children.

We would like to run more of this kind of program for all age groups, but we need volunteers to design, teach and supervise. Anyone interested, *contact us!*

Thanks

THANKS FOR YOUR PATIENCE

The Museum staff has finally completed the gargantuan task of reorganizing all of its permanent exhibits. For the first time since our chaotic move to our new headquarters in 1977, a representative display of our ever-growing collection is available for viewing. The arduous task of searching through over 60,000 original cartoons to find significant examples of as many cartoonists work as we are able to squeeze in, took over a year. Many cartoonists also responded to our request for new originals and are now included in our displays. As always, we have a strong sampling in the newspaper strip and panel field, but we've vastly expanded our collection of magazine, editorial, animation, illustration, comic book, caricature and sports art. We even managed to dig up a few pieces of underground comic art (of course it had to be family-oriented).

Once the artwork was selected, short two-to-three sentence captions were written for each of the over 500 cartoonists to be represented. Starting dates, biographical backgrounds and interesting trivia were cross checked in the Museum's reference library. The captions were then type-set, pasted up and assembled in the exhibit frames.

The large number of artists whose work is now hanging in our hallowed halls was made possibie by the addition of new display fixtures. Flip racks, like those used to hold posters in department stores, are capable of displaying over 100 cartoon originals each. The captions provide historical references and pertinent facts that enable the general public to gain a greater understanding of the art form. The downstairs Main Hall includes many of the pioneers and acknowledged masters of cartoon art, while the upstairs galleries include the work of currently popular cartoonists.

Obviously noone can read close to 1,000 cartoons in a single visit to the Museum, prompting them to return again and again to our facility to enjoy their favorite selections. In many ways the Museum is more like a library than an art gallery, because of the sheer volume of material created by the cartoonists of the world during the history of the art form. Unfortunately, the Museum can only scratch the surface of available material to include in our displays, so we must constantly apologize for not including examples we simply don't have the room to hang. Maybe some day a rich benefactor will bless us with 100 million dollars to build a new wing, but until then we'll have to settle with what we've got. So, if you haven't visited the Museum in a while, or you thought you'd seen everything we had to offer, come and see our redesigned collection. Next thing you know, we'll be increasing our admission price.

MULLIN

NO BASEBALL STRIKE AT MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Baseball fanatics found an oasis in the barren desert of the baseball strike at the Museum of Cartoon Art's Willard Mullin exhibition. Many visitors to the exhibit commented on how much they enjoyed a little reminder of what the National pastime was like.

Helen Mullin travelled from Florida to make the opening. Of course, the exhibit would not have been possible without her support. Rare and valuable artwork and memorabilia from Helen's personal collection added to originals from Dave Camerer's collection, the National CartoonistsSociety's collection and artwork from the Westport Famous Artists' School, made an exhibit worthy of Willard's gigantic talent. Special thanks to all who helped make this show possible.

CONTEST WINNERS

CHILDREN'S CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The winning cartoons in the Museum of Cartoon Art's annual Children's Cartoon Contest are currently on display in the Museum's Main Exhibit Hall. In addition to the cash prize winners, runners-up are also on exhibit through August.

The contest, which draws hundreds of entries from around the country, gives children a chance to measure their artistic skills against their peers and encourages creativity.

The winners of the four age categories are as follows:

17 and Under:
1st: Volker G. Fremuth, Riverside, CT
2nd: Daniel LaQuay, So. Dayton, NY
3rd: Ned L. Farr, New York, NY

11 and Under:
1st: Andy Cote, Norwalk, CT
2nd: Benjy Rubin, Port Chester, NY
3rd: Sarah McMane, Pleasantville, NY

14 and Under:
1st: Mark Elliot, Port Chester, NY
2nd: Perry Claiborne, Yonkers, NY
3rd: Andrew Smith, Glen Rock, NJ

8 and Under:
1st: Donna Joy Colomitz, Middletown, NY
2nd: Mark Derek Barnes, Putnam Valley, NY
3rd: Christy Gheduzzi, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY

1st Prize 8-year-old Category:

MUPPET ARTWORK TO BE FEATURED IN MUSEUM'S FALL EXHIBIT

Jim Henson's Muppets, after achieving phenomenal success in the television, film and record media, are now the stars of a new comic strip. This new cartoon feature is being produced by the talented team of Guy and Brad Gilchrist, who worked for a number of years writing and drawing the "SuperKernel" comic book for Xerox Educational Publications. Veterans of the funny animal school of cartooning, the Gilchrists were the perfect choice for the Muppet strip. King Features built up a record-setting list of newspaper subscribers before the strip's debut on September 21, 1981, proving that the Gilchrists have a bright future ahead.

The Museum of Cartoon Art approached the Gilchrists and the Muppet organization with the idea of doing an exhibit to show not only how the comic strip characters were developed from the actual three-dimensional puppets, but also how the puppets are designed on paper, before they are built. The public has always been fascinated with the technical magic of how the Muppets are operated, as the record crowds attending the current "Art of the Muppets" exhibit attest.

The Museum of Cartoon Art's exhibit, however, will focus on the development of the Muppets as characters and will include design sketches by their creators. Many of the drawings in the show were done by Jim Henson, the founding genius behind the Muppets, and Michael Frith, the Art Director of Henson Associates. Both of these men work out their designs on paper, often on the backs of scrap paper, napkins, menus or whatever else is on hand. Then, Henson and Frith work closely with the Muppet builders to fabricate the characters based on these sketches. The Muppet exhibit will include many of these loose, casual doodlings, alongside a photograph of the finished puppet. The relationship between the three-dimensional characters and the cartoon beginnings of their personalities should be dramatically evident to Museum visitors.

Also included will be original comic strips, promotional drawings and character portraits by Guy and Brad Gilchrist. The talented brothers have devotedly adapted the Muppet characters to the graphic medium and have won the respect of the demanding staff of the Henson organization. But they also insist that the strip will have a life all of its own, and the early episodes of the feature, included in the Museum's exhibit, suggest that the Gilchrists are also ready to meet the demands of the daily newspaper reader.

The Museum also hopes that a few of the Muppet characters might be able to take some time off from their hectic shooting schedules to put in a personal appearance.

The Muppet exhibit will open on Sunday, September 27th and will continue through December. Hours are Tuesday through Friday 10:00 to 4:00 and Sundays 1:00 to 5:00. The Museum would like to thank Guy and Brad Gilchrist, Michael Frith, Bill Yates, Henson Associates and King Features Syndicate for making this exhibit possible.

Muppetmania!

JOKES! JOKES! JOKES! ARE YOU A SURGEON OR A COMEDIAN?
BILL'S JOKES
WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL ME A CUT-UP? HAW!
CLAMP!
CLAMP!
SCALPEL!
SCALPEL!
© King Features Syndicate, Inc.,
OXYGEN! QUICK!!! WE'RE LOSING THE PATIENT!
MORE OXYGEN! QUICKLY!!
WAS THE OPERATION A SUCCESS, DOCTOR BOB?
YES, NURSE!
GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST
BUT THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL PERFORM PLASTIC SURGERY!

CELEBRITY GUESTS

BILL SANDERS TO MAKE SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE AT MUSEUM

Bill Sanders, award-winning editorial cartoonist for the MILWAUKEE JOURNAL and Field Newspaper Syndicate, has offered to make a surprise special guest appearance at the Museum of Cartoon Art on Sunday, September 20th. He will be here to talk with visitors and draw.

HAH! AND THEY TALK ABOUT THE WAR ON INFLATION IN WASHINGTON!
OUR REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS HAVE QUIETLY RAISED THEIR 'EXPENSE' ALLOWANCES BY MORE THAN $9,000 PER MEMBER!
SO? WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
THOSE WHO DECLARE WAR NEVER DO THE FIGHTING.
BILL SANDERS
Courtesy Milwaukee Journal

REGULAR GUEST CARTOONIST SUNDAY PROGRAM

Sunday, September 6th: Bill Gallo, sports cartoonist for the NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.
Sunday, October 4th: Paul Szep, BOSTON GLOBE editorial cartoonist.
Sunday, November 1st: John Cullen Murphy, author/artist of "Prince Valiant."
Sunday, December 6th: Whitney Darrow, Jr., famous cartoonist of NEW YORKER fame.
Shows begin at 2:00 p.m. Seating is limited and is on a first come, first served basis.

Acquisitions

The Museum would like to thank the following donors for their contributions to the Museum's collection, library or gift shop:

Joan McEvilly: Two BUSTER BROWN books, c. 1906 and 1913.
Jack Bender: An original sports cartoon by Jack Bender.
John Bulger: A large, framed drawing of Sad Sack and Miss Lace by Milton Caniff.
Dik Browne: Original artwork by Will Eisner, Bob Kane, Curt Swan and F. Opper.
Jim Ivey: A collection of 24 original political cartoons, 13 original panels, and one print by Thomas Nast.
Tim McAdams: Four original "Heathcliff" panels by George Gately.
Bil Keane: Copies of his new release MY TURN NEXT.
Henry Boltinoff: The original artwork of "Nubbins" for the years 1971, '72 and '73.
Ted Scheel: One book, THE FACE IS FAMILIAR, and two sample sheets of his cartoon artwork.
Mauricio De Sousa: Regular donations of his international comic books.
Ethan Roberts: One book, HERBLOCK'S HERE AND NOW, c. 1955.
Juney Cushman: Collection of memorabilia, cutouts and toys, comic related.
Martin Schwartz and Susan Boiko: Very large collection of comic books.
Robert Leavitt: Collection of very early WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES; collection of POGO POSSUM comic books; c. 1950's; collection of Pogo books, c. 1950's: collection of BIG LITTLE BOOKS, c. 1930's and 1940's.
Toni Mendez Shapiro: "Kayo," "Angel," "Sweetie Pie," "Alley Oop" and "Rive ts" dolls; handmade "Paul Webbs Mountain Boys" doll.
Gus Turbeville: 40 original "Billy the Kid" comic pages, and 6 "Love Doctor" pages.
Dani Aguila: 58 Association of American Editorial Cartoonists posters.

All of these donations are greatly appreciated. Such contributions and generosity are essential to the Museum's growth!

BIRTHDAY

The Museum of Cartoon Art celebrated its 7th Birthday on August 11. Brian and Chuck, who have been with the Museum throughout, celebrated with candles on their pizza for lunch. Happy Birthday Museum of Cartoon Art, and many more!

Cartoonists & Doctors of Letters

The six new doctors pose in their medieval finery. From left to right are Bil Keane, Charles Saxon, Bill Hoest, Frank Miller, Mort Walker and Paul Szep.

William Penn College

On April 22, 1981, five cartoonists flew to Des Moines, Iowa, where they were met by President Gus Turbeville of William Penn College. The next day they were joined by a sixth cartoonist. These six people are: Paul Szep (Editorial Cartoonist, The Boston Globe, Boston, Massachusetts), Frank Miller (Editorial Cartoonist, Des Moines Register and Tribune, Des Moines, Iowa), Bil Keane ("Family Circus," Paradise Valley, Arizona), Charles Saxon (The New Yorker, New York, New York), Mort Walker ("Beetle Bailey," "Hi and Lois," "Boner's Ark," "Sam and Silo," Greenwich, Connecticut), Bill Hoest ("The Lockhorns," "Agatha Crumm," "Bumper Snickers," "Laugh Parade," "Howard Huge," Huntington, New York).

The following is an account of the singular occasion that drew these people together.

Paul Szep (L.) with Dr. Gus Turbeville, President of William Penn College and a well-known collector of original cartoon art.

By BUNNY HOEST

It was an extraordinary event. Six of what President Gus Turbeville called "The All-Star Cartoonists" were gathered in Oskaloosa, Iowa, for a unique ceremony at William Penn College. Using "the power vested in the presidency," President Turbeville awarded an honorary doctor of letters degree, D. Litt., to each cartoonist for his contribution to arts, letters and the humanities.

There on the wide, windy campus of William Penn College, a small, highly-ranked Quaker school, Walker, Hoest, Keane, Saxon, Miller and Szep walked in caps and gowns in the processional leading to the chapel. President Turbeville read aloud the individual, personal tribute written on each certificate. Each cartoonist then received his academic hood, symbol of the degree.

It was a moving ceremony. President Gus Turbeville has said, "People are finally beginning to realize that so-called comic strips are a valuable source of social commentary and social criticism as well as being a highly creative art form." With the awarding of the honorary doctorates, President Turbeville has given academic recognition to six professional cartoonists.

President Gus Turbeville and Mort Walker hang on to their hats as the Iowa winds swept across the beautiful open campus of William Penn College.

Bill Hoest

Charles Saxon

Mort Walker

Frank Miller signing autographs.

From left: Bill Hoest, Bil Keane and Frank Miller.

Acting as the cartoonists' spokesman was Bil Keane who gave one of the funniest monologues this reporter has ever heard. Starting with:

> "On behalf of the six of us I just want to say that it's a thrill to be here at...uh...William Penn College. In fact, it's more than a thrill to be here. It's a damn inconvenience!

Bil Keane went on to say:

> "That's a great display of original cartoons out there...You notice the great line work of the Beetle Bailey strips. One guy out there was saying, 'This is really fine art! What beautiful drawing'...and that was Mort Walker."

> "A couple of these men are editorial cartoonists and I admire them...Political cartoonists don't draw for fame or money...they do it out of a deep hatred for mankind."

> "Congratulations to Chuck (Saxon) who did win the Reuben...we had a great cocktail party before the (Reuben) dinner. We were doing all right until Chuck Saxon tried to swim across Fifth Avenue. He would have made it if it wasn't for the white line down the middle of the street...he tried to go under it. I don't want you to get the idea cartoonists drink to excess. We don't think you can drink to excess."

Bil Keane finished with:

> "Again, I do want to thank you for having us here and we accept this honor with a sense of humility, a sense of gratitude, but most importantly with a sense of humor. See you in the funny papers."

The awarding of the honorary doctorates was followed by a symposium conducted by President Gus Turbeville during which the cartoonists answered questions from the audience.

After an elegant luncheon, the cartoonists signed autographs at the cartoon exhibit and were escorted back to their respective airlines.

As an event, the ceremony in Oskaloosa is precedent-setting. For the six cartoonists and their families it is rewarding. And for the cartooning profession it is a fitting, open, forthright and honest acknowledgement of cartooning's real contribution to humanity.

Zim Autobiography © Horseheads Historical Society

Exclusive

ZIM AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In our Issue #50, ZIM, the famous JUDGE and PUCK cartoonist, told of getting a job with a wine-and-beer merchant who had considerable farm land attached to his home, and a number of pigs, horses, cattle, chickens, ducks, geese, and bees to look after. So Zim divided his time between washing bottles and steins and doing farm chores until a fire destroyed the wine shop. One day, while he was doing some lettering on the windows of a new shop, a passing sign-painter offered him an apprenticeship which Zim accepted with great enthusiasm.

CHAPTER V

In early childhood I harbored a craving to be a sign-painter. Near my home lived a little old lady who sold home-made crullers and apple turn-overs. I kept her supplied with showcards, for which I was paid in trade. The market value of a showcard, according to local standards, was one doughnut.

Fired by success with doughnuts, I decided to seek employment at one of Paterson's leading sign shops. I was only eleven but at that age I knew considerably more than I know today.

Jimmy Dumphy followed my star.

"You ask 'em first for a job, Gene. Then if they say 'yes', I'll tackle 'em."

With this understanding we proceeded to the place chosen for our artistic debut. Confronted by the proprietor himself, William P. Brassington, Esq., I opened negotiations thus:

"Mister, do you want to hire a boy to learn the trade?"

The man sized me up, smiled and lit his pipe. Presently he spoke:

"Can you sandpaper a church steeple?"

Jimmy and I looked at each other dubiously, then raced toward the door, which we had left ajar for reasons of personal safety. In three jumps we reached the sidewalk, our sign-painting star suddenly dimmed. Being nearer the exit, Jimmy beat me by at least two inches.

On another occasion, I was passing a small sign emporium located in a dingy basement on a side street and desired to explore the mysteries within, so I entered and addressed the seedy-looking proprietor:

"How about a job?"

"Sure!"

He put me to work at once on a lot of unfinished board and tin signs lying about the place. At noon I was invited to "dine" at his abode, which was over a truckman's stable in the rear of a row of ramshackle warehouses. We sat down to fried tripe as the main course on the menu. I might have forgotten the fellow ere this had it not been for that sumptuous repast in which tripe cut such a figure.

At the close of the day, having disclosed that I had no capital to invest, the boss adopted me as a silent partner and I fell for it because I needed sustenance. We waived all formality of contracts and written agreements.

Thus things ran smoothly for two weeks. Then I deemed it about time for a meeting of the stockholders to discuss and declare dividends. I was informed that the signs I had completed since my advent were already traded out, but as soon as all the old debts against the shop could be wiped off we would make a fresh start upon the basis of equal division.

Thereupon I dissolved the partnership with as little ceremony as it had been formed, and I put down those two weeks of unremunerative toil to practical experience. That was more than fifty years ago; never since have I allowed myself an ounce of tripe to pass my lips. . .

After leaving Spangenmacher's wine shop I lived and labored for three years with the same Brassington who had once laughed at Jimmy Dumphy and me. During those years, I shared in all his changing fortunes — I say *changing*, for at that time sign-painting was an uncertain industry with only a meager livelihood as compensation. However, I absorbed a great deal of technical knowledge, thus preparing for a more lucrative career.

Brassington reminded me of a circus manager; he was forever trailing the band wagon. That is, he would pull up stakes and go wherever excitement and business led him. Once his attention was drawn to Deckertown, New Jersey, whither General Kilpatrick had invited the Grand Army of the Republic and the state militia to feast and frolic upon his vast acreage. My boss happened to be a civil war veteran, so he and I tagged along like sutlers after an army. With an ample supply of cheap muslin, paints and brushes, we settled right beneath the muzzle of the sunrise gun. There we set up our sign shop and for seven days we arose at reveille and plunged into sign work.

As we were the only representatives of our profession on the job, we became sign monarchs of that remote locality. Our tents and display banners, signs and flags gave the place a side-show atmosphere, and the tax we levied for the very commonest black lettering on five-cent bleached muslin was truly scandalous. We were many miles from the nearest base of supplies and the concessions must have signs regardless of price and must have them at once. That word *must* have proved costly to those who uttered it.

In September, 1878, Brassington journeyed to the County Fair grounds at Elmira, New York, while I remained behind to run the New Jersey shop. Elmira, with about 20,000 population, looked quite healthy for a sign-painter to settle in, so upon his return to Paterson he decided to move there. The truth is that Brassington found it more convenient to migrate than to liquidate his heavy indebtedness. At any rate, between dusk and dawn we were leaving Jersey and creditors behind us.

We arrived at Elmira with one big packing-box containing all our assets. Our combined ward-robes we wore on our respective backs. The box, when emptied, served as a dining-table and for six months our frugal meals were spread upon it. Our quarters contained a parlor, of course, but the only object of interest in it was a half-bushel of onions, taken in exchange for sign work.

The family exchequer being very low, rigid economy was imperative. To the packing-box were added a few second-hand chairs and a coal stove of like quality. Brassington was tremendous-ly resourceful and soon had his family housed, provisioned and in shape to extend its humble hospitality.

For want of bedsteads, we slept on the floor and the whole surroundings resembled a picture of rugged pioneer days. That half-bushel of onions formed the basis of the family larder. Salt pork and dried beans were brought in and became standard commodities. Due to his wonderful ability for holding off merchants, the boss's bills were collectable only in sign jobs, which kept me constantly busy satisfying accounts in that manner.

Thus, I became further inured to hardships, sharpening my wits and strengthening resistive powers which were to stand me in good stead later in life. During my apprenticeship to Brassington, I scarcely knew the feel of a dollar.

By the end of the first year at Elmira we were in pretty fair condition and the shop itself, located at the corner of East Water & Railroad Avenue, even bore an aspect of prosperity. As time went on my boss advanced so far in public favor that he moved his family to a more desirable section of the city and lived quite comfortably. At first none of the customers knew my name, for I attached Brassington's imprint to my work, but gradually I achieved recognition as one of the city's up-and-coming sign artists.

In those days, I frequently saw Mark Twain on the streets of Elmira. His bushy hair was still dark, with a sprinkling of grey. He lived at Quarry Farm, on the outskirts of Elmira, and eventually was laid to rest in a humble grave in that city,

Fudge

where stands today a magnificent new million-dollar hotel bearing his name.

Another celebrity I knew in the late seventies was David B. Hill, for whom I painted a sign, "D.B. Hill Law Office," little dreaming that I was working for a future Governor, Senator and Presidential aspirant.

Vanity was a shining trait in the sign artist of that period. When a cub branched out for himself he immediately started landscape gardening on his upper lip. This gave him a dignified appearance. The importance of wearing a mustache struck me quite forcibly one day, whereupon I arranged with nature to provide such an adornment.

Brassington had sent me to do a gold-leaf job on the window of a small bank in the suburbs. When I spread my stepladder and was about to mount to its apex, a haughty clerk with a fringe of virgin down upon his lip "sacheyed" from his cage and inquired what I was doing.

"I'm going to put gold-leaf letters on the transom," I explained, mentally bewailing the beardless face which gave me a callow appearance.

"Well, you'd better clear out with your pots and kettles," the clerk said loftily. "We hired a man to do that job."

"Yes, I know," was my reply. "I'm six miles from the shop where I got my orders, so the best thing I can do under the circumstances is go ahead with the job. If you don't like the effect, I'll gladly erase it."

But I wasn't requested to erase it.

Twenty years later, when I became a depositor in that institution, fragments of my lettering were still visible.

There is a sequel to this tale, which runs thus: The job was let originally for twenty dollars to a common house-painter who in turn had sub-let it to my employer on a fifty-fifty basis, while I, the dubb, was detailed to do the actual labor.

Fifty-odd years ago a sign-painter was recognized chiefly by the brush marks on his clothes. When an apprentice started out on his wild and colorful career, he began to decorate his outer garments with the spatter work of his calling. I spent the better part of two years trying to make myself look like a regular painter by daubing my working clothes — pants, coat, cap, shirt, shoes and socks and a conspicuous windsor necktie —all of which claimed part of the splashes from my clever brush.

There were times when a smock would have been handy, but it wasn't fashionable for sign-painters to wear such effeminate folderols. Besides, a boy's bespattered suit was his individual press agent and made him a distinctive figure against the ordinary run of humanity.

I don't remember whether I had more than one working suit during my term of apprenticeship but, judging from the decorated condition of the one in which I graduated, I must have had only one in all my three or four years of shop life. The pants could speak for themselves, for they contained enough paint to make them self-supporting. No pants rack was needed when I retired nights. I simply stood them up in the corner of the room like two lengths of stove-pipe, where they did sentinel duty over the less fortunate shirt and socks.

When I left that shop to take up a new lease on life, it was with a tear-stained face that I bade the old suit farewell and left behind a friend which had stuck to me through many vicissitudes.

Disguising blackened eyes to give them a natural appearance was a thriving feature of the sign man's profession during the late seventies. It linked with sign work as smoothly as mayonnaise fits into potato salad. Frequently, I was called upon to match up flesh tints and rescue my patrons from the humiliation which accompanies such a situation.

Electioneering in that period was done with torches, hickory clubs, cabbages and stale eggs, so that after each gorgeous political pageant our shop was filled with solemn bearers of optic discolorations. For this form of art we charged a fee of fifty cents, regardless of the extent of the bruise or the depth of flesh tone to be covered. At times it called for two or three priming coats as a substantial foundation for the artistic touches that followed.

I have seen fellows carry around their eye sockets as much as a quarter of a pound of white lead glazed over with baby pink that attracted far more notice than the original black eye itself, but that mattered not. In those days it was as fashionable for men to camouflage black eyes as it is today for womenfolk to rouge pale lips and cheeks and to dab red noses with rice powder.

I remember one fellow who came in with the prettiest pair of lamps I ever had the pleasure of treating. He didn't mind paying fifty cents for one blinker but he said seventy-five was a reasonable price for the pair, inasmuch as the material had to be mixed for one eye and it would serve for two without adding greatly to our overhead expense. His argument sounded plausible and we agreed to his terms after he had promised to turn all his trade into our shop; his wife, he assured us, was occasionally afflicted in a similar manner.

Which reminds me of a local merchant named Bob Sims. Bob had made quite a bit of money at "hoss swapping," had just married a grass widow with a candy store, and was ordering a sign to be placed above its door informing the populace of the new co-partnership. He was a man of keen business instincts and a far-away look into the future. This I discovered when I asked how he'd prefer the sign to read — "Mary Sims" or "Mrs. Robert Sims." The bridegroom replied with a nasal twang;

"Wal, make it read 'Mrs. Robert Sims,' an' ef Mary dies I'll jest rub out the 'Mrs.' and go on with the business zo nuthin' had happened."

During the Garfield-Hancock campaign my boss obtained an order from the Elmira Republican headquarters for a net banner to be swung across the main thoroughfare. He had salvaged from a previous campaign a large painted figure of the Goddess of Liberty. Her head was somewhat mutilated but we managed between us to fit another female head to it, with miserably mismatched colors.

The original painting was the product of an experienced artist of campaign heads, so you can imagine the finish our dastardly work put to the fair lady's body. However, the boss was so proud of it that he painted his imprint almost as large as the names of the candidates. This was a cue to the Democratic press for vitriolic attacks.

"Is the sign-painter running for the Presidency, or is Mr. Garfield?" they wanted to know. "And what washerwoman posed for the head of the Goddess of Liberty?"

For a while that banner was the most talked-of piece of art in the county. No circus parade, I dare say, ever drew more attention than that thing did. But my boss had wrestled with hard luck too often to feel the sting of such base, though just, criticism, so he merely added an extra twist to his military mustache, expanded his chest a few inches and said:

"Let 'em think what they think. It's the only political job in this town that's caused any commotion!"

I was really the humiliated one, for I had a better appreciation of figure drawing than my boss, who had absolutely no talent along that line. Remorse seized me every time my eyes fell upon our great opus and no one felt more relieved than I when that campaign ended.

I often envied Brassington's brass and thought that if I had only half as much nerve I might some day amount to something.

I remember the time he persuaded a poor bone-headed Dutch proprietor of a delicatessen emporium to consent to having his portrait painted on the front of his brick block. With a boastful air my boss remarked:

"Why, sure, Mr. Schnickelfritz, I'll put your photograph over that front door in eighteen colors and so lifelike that your friends will tip their hats to it when they pass your store."

"Is dot so?" inquired that delicatessen purveyor.

Well, the job was cinched and I was detailed to commit the crime. You may believe me when I say that that portrait looked as much like the original as George Washington looked like Horace Greeley. The photo given me to copy was of a period some twenty-odd years past and all I had to do was bring it up to date.

My great surprise came when the man paid the bill without a word of objection. He even patted me on the back and complimented me on my success, saying he hadn't had a picture taken in twenty years that made him such a fine looker.

Whenever that boss of mine suggested a pictorial sign to a prospective customer, it gave me the creeps, so that my teeth chattered till the job was over and I had slunk out of sight of the prying gaze of passers-by.

I believe the most annoying place to paint a sign is on the outside of a window right off the sidewalk where you can overhear the conversation of spectators. It is hard to shut your ears to the close-up comments while you are trying to keep your mind on your work, yet it is absolutely impossible to concentrate on lettering and listen, too.

If your audience happens to be a group of school children, the jabber will run something like this: "Oh, I know what the next letter is go-na be — Aw, who don't? — dat's easy, it's go-na be a H — Naw, 'taint't, neither; it's go-na be a N," and so on.

Then you find yourself making an H that should have been an N. "There now! I told you it was go-na be a H." Right here you discover your error and proceed to wipe out the H and put an N in its place. "Yah!" says the other, "I knowed it was go-na be a N."

"Pon my word, I have often left such a job at that stage and sauntered leisurely around the block to give my audience a chance to fade away while I pulled my scattered wits into place.

Sometimes the comments of the curious bystanders will fill you with uncertainty and you sneak back to the shop to consult the ancient paint-besmeared dictionary. I have witnessed the short-changing of victims by first getting them — "discomfuddled." Well, a rattled sign painter is in about the same fix.

At the dizzy height of thirty feet above the bed of a surging spring freshet, my boss swung a scaffold for me to cleave to, while I lettered the side of a brick wall with the words, "Kennedy's Live and Let Live Grocery."

My next job was with The Empire Sign Company — J.C. Pope, Proprietor.

I was suddenly raised to absolute affluence from my former humble and impecunious state. I could now reside at a real boarding house, the Platt House, where at table I met jovial spirits who laughed and joked at adversity. The whole world seemed changed. A silver lining at last was skirting the dark cloud of other days.

On its letterheads the Empire Sign Company bombastically announced itself as "The Only Establishment in the World where Pine Lumber is Bought in the Shape of Logs and Manufactured on the Premises into Board signs." The concern had its own saw-mill, plan ing mill and sign shop, situated in the historic village of Horseheads, an Elmira suburb to which it moved shortly after I was hired.

Mr. Pope had a remarkably versatile disposition. He would fly to pieces and just as quickly

"THE SHADOW OF THE PALACE OF PEACE"

scrape himself together in a docile mood. My work was largely designing and cutting stencils upon oiled manila paper. One day the boss observed that I had omitted a letter from a word. Instantly, he exploded with rage.

"What's the meaning of this carelessness? Don't you know, sir, that you are deliberately putting your hand into my pocket and taking out the money I need to buy my family's bread?"

Then, wheeling about, he left the scene and I felt as good as fired. With heavy heart I made the necessary repairs to the stencil which had caused such havoc..

Ten minutes went by. His royal highness returned, whistling a merry tune. He slapped me on the back and shouted genially: "Well, old scout, how do you feel?"

I never knew another man with such a kinky temperament, yet Pope's outbursts were less harmful than flea bites. Eventually, he failed in business and my last sign-painting days were spent in the employ of Joe Densmore, of Elmira.

My labor was more interesting than irksome. I invented designs and cut the stencils, which were then turned over to stencilers to be transferred to signboards. All this time, however, I was aware of a growing ambition that made me discontented with my job.

I had been fascinated by comic art as far back as I could remember, and the coming of comic weeklies increased that fascination. My strongest desire now was to get on the staff of an illustrated periodical. Writing to my brother, Adolph on December 4, 1881, I said:

> . . . I am quite well thank you but feel homesick as the devil, for the past 2 or 3 weeks. If I could get a job in the "Puck" establishment I would come down there to work. There isn't life enough in this place, and I want a change. . .

In the early days of my sign-painting apprenticeship I received merely board and clothing; consequently, I had no funds with which to buy the illustrated weeklies — *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly* were my favorites — and I could peruse them only through the windows of the book stores.

Thomas Nast had just passed the peak of his fame, while Joseph Keppler's work in *Puck* was beginning to attract some attention. About the same time an artist with rather crude technique, Thomas Worth by name, was producing a series of lithographed comics depicting the activities of the Darktown Fire Brigade. Worth's originality, although absurd in many respects, accentuated a desire to develop my own latent talent along that line.

There were no mail courses available in comic art, and newspaper artists were rare. The dailies had not yet gone into the cartoon game to any great extent. Syndicates were not even dreamed of. Under such conditions progress was necessarily slow.

Brassington had encouraged my budding ability by advertising "Pictorial Signs" on a placard hung outside his shop. Having no talent himself beyond lettering, he was uncritical of faulty drawing. As I look back now I pity those customers who were obliged to accept my productions as works of art.

Then Pope gave me further encouragement, and my last sign-painting employer, Joe Densmore, added the crowning touch. I made a collection of the comic art of the period, which I would study and copy laboriously on evenings and Sundays. When I had filled a sketch book with a variety of drawings of my own in watercolor and other media, I was quite elated.

One day I visited New York City to spend a holiday and took along the sketch book, which relatives persuaded me to leave with them for a few days. Later, I learned that it had been mysteriously brought to the attention of Joseph Keppler, the famous cartoonist and co-proprietor of *Puck*.

Evidently Mr. Keppler scented talent in my amateurish watercolors, for he wrote requesting that I call upon him at the *Puck* office, 21 Warren Street, New York City. Having a rather bashful nature, I was tempted to pass up the opportunity as too severe a shock to my nervous system. To meet a man of the superior attainments of Joseph Keppler was something I had prayed for but now feared to undertake.

Besides, my finances were at a peculiarly low ebb and the cost of trainfare made the journey look as prohibitive as a trip to the moon.

I discussed the situation with Mr. Densmore.

"Never mind, my boy," said he, patting me on the shoulder. "I'll miss you a lot but I think you ought to go. I'll be glad to loan you eight dollars for expenses."

I thanked him and soon afterward set out for the great metropolis.

During the past ten years the 'love is . . .' panel, by Kim Casali, has become one of syndication's biggest success stories. Many newspapers which carry the feature conduct annual contests which invite readers to submit their own 'love is . . .' captions. The best ones are then sent to Kim Casali who uses them in her panel, giving credit to the contributors. As an example of the reader reaction, the Managing Editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin reports that the most recent contest pulled 8,745 responses. To quote him: "Nothing we've ever done before to draw readers has resulted in this many letters."

As far as marketing goes, the 'love is . . .' messages are on watches and clocks, jewelry, T-shirts, ladies' underwear and sleepwear, lamps, cards, notepaper, posters, party supplies and other notions these days. And seven book collections have been published.

First a few facts about Kim Casali, and then a number of her own reactions which she wrote CARTOONIST PROfiles after we contacted her at her home in London, England.

Back in 1967, New Zealander Kim Grove met Italian computer manufacturer Roberto Casali at a California ski club. She was a beginning skier and did a series of humorous drawings showing her progress on the slopes. She showed them to Casali who encouraged her to keep drawing, so she began sketching little incidents in their dating life, and

love is...
4·14
. . . baby-sitting so she can go to her part-time job.
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adding her thoughts such as, "You're the handsomest Italian I've ever met." The cartoons and love notes helped fuel a romance that culminated in marriage in 1971 and a son was born the following year.

One day she discovered that her husband had been showing her 'love is . . .' cartoons to some of his friends. Shy by nature, she wasn't sure she wanted her private feelings made public, and she "didn't want to appear too mushy." However, friends were unanimous in their liking of her cartoons, and told Kim that her feelings were universal, and that she was saying things virtually everybody wanted to say. Syndication came next. The couple had another child and then tragedy struck. Roberto was stricken with an incurable cancer. He died, but not before the couple agreed to preserve some of his sperm cells in a sperm bank. So 17 months after his death, at 31, Kim gave birth to Roberto's child, conceived through artificial insemination. Today Kim lives in London with her three children.

The 'love is . . .' feature is distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. And now some comments, in Kim Casali's own words, about herself and about her work.

By Kim Casali

I'll have to tell you a bit about me to explain the way I work. I'm a romantic and a dreamer, live for my daydreams and then go about trying to achieve what I dream about. I'm a woman first, a mother second and a cartoonist (terribly amateurish one at that) third. When I was a child I asked of my mother "Why are all the songs about love?" "Because love makes the world go round," was the reply. That confused me a little because I thought Charles Atlas was keeping the globe spinning but whether it was because I was brainwashed by all the lovely music or because it was just my nature, I became very romantic. I was either in love with a boy (or man) or in love with the idea of being in love, but I found always it was necessary to be in love. If I'd had a choice I would have become a writer of romantic songs. Songs about love affected me deeply, I'd get a chill down my spine or feel ecstatic or cry (if it was a sad one) but I'd feel deeply. I didn't become a songwriter so I had to express myself in another way once the *real thing* happened to me. I drew, not very well, but I drew a round blob of a girl who was supposed to be me, the one who was feeling all these fantastic things. Then I

. . . feeling lost without her.

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. . . letting him go to baseball practice on your anniversary.

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. . . just being near him.

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. . . riding on his motorbike when you're scared stiff.

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. . . leaving love notes on his windshield while he's at work.

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. . . helping her land the big one.

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added a blob of a boy who was the reason I was feeling these things.

At first many of my captions came direct from me or my boyfriend who became my husband. To expand I'd sit and daydream about how others might feel. When I really got started I would sit at the dining room table listening to romantic music. There are some beautiful all-time romantic songs which gave me food for thought but I'd get carried away listening to songs by Tom Jones or Shirley Bassey — two people who sing from the soul. The music would put me in a romantic frame of mind and I'd jot down all the ideas which would pour on me. Of late I have been getting myself into a thoroughly romantic frame of mind by playing my Neil Diamond cassettes over and over. I've got nearly every song Neil recorded and I sit back and drift off into a lovely romantic dream. At this particular time the fact that I *am* in love (but I'm not telling any details!) is doing wonders for my feature. Since I am now a mature woman in love with life as well as love, the kind of captions I'm coming up with now are often different from the early ones. I have a keen sense of humour and since my ideas are not always angelic I have done some recent cartoons which are a little more sophisticated and have a double entendre. However, I mostly keep to the kind of captions which are enjoyed by the majority of readers and their contributions give me wider scope for material. That the captions must be concise is somewhat frustrating because there is a whole world of ideas I would love to use. As well as all this I keep my eyes and ears always open and a pen and notepad handy.

The thing that is unique about me is that I'm a fraud. I'm not a cartoonist — I'm a doodler! I'm no artist and have had no education in art but I am a person who feels very deeply, who is capable of great love and can express myself fairly well in writing. At the time I started my cartoons I had also just fallen in love and my emotions were very keen and I was totally carried away with my own exciting thoughts. Mix all those ingredients together and you get LOVE IS . . . and me — but a fraud as far as cartoonists go. I've received some fantastic letters. Some are so beautiful I am moved to tears. People write and tell me about the love they have for each other and I am so delighted to hear of such devotion. Then of course there are the amusing letters. One couple who were devoted and quite serious when they wrote in suggesting that LOVE IS . . . having matching tooth mugs. There are marriage counselors who use my cartoons in their work. I've had letters from one or two prison inmates and one of them was such an admirer he wanted me to be his pen-friend. There was one woman who wrote that her six year old niece stripped her clothes off when she saw my cartoon and so I wrote back suggesting she keep the news sections of the newspaper away from the girl in case she should pick up a gun and kill someone. I get many letters from lovers who want me to print things like LOVE IS . . JOHN and MARY which I have to refuse for obvious reasons. One amusing but sad letter from a woman told me LOVE IS . . . a lot of give and take — give a lot of love and take a lot of hell. Many people who have suffered a love disappointment want me to help them patch things up. My mail is always interesting and I love reading it.

As a fraud cartoonist I cannot offer any advice to budding artists but as a very determined person who had worked hard for everything I have I can only suggest that young people should find the work that makes them happy and pursue it whole-heartedly until they achieve satisfaction. The key in this business of course is to find something new and different. Look at me — it was so simple I'm amazed no one thought of it before me.

I sometimes slip in a cartoon that I feel is particularly profound and that makes a suggestion which would enhance any relationship were it followed. I also slip in the occasional cartoons that involve a donation to charity hoping it might make readers think and act.

Here are two of my favorite cartoons: LOVE IS . . . doing unto others as you would have them do unto you (whoops — I stole that), LOVE IS . . . never asking for more than you are prepared to give. And here is a quote by me that describes my philosophy: if you've got love you've got life, if you can love you can live. I'm in love, I'm alive and I'm happy.

ANIMATION

by Grim Natwick

Who invented the three-fingered hand? Someone way back in the dark ages of animation got tired of drawing hands with four fingers and simply left one off and cartoon hands were much easier to animate ever since. It was a stroke of genius. The four finger hand disappeared from animation until 'Snow White' (1934). Somehow a pretty girl did not look right with only three fingers. But the Seven Dwarfs still had three finger hands.

© Walt Disney Productions

Characters and drawing styles changed as animation became a popular form of entertainment. Straight lines were changed to curved lines. Square shapes became round shapes. Curved figures moved better on the screen and eliminated what we used to call "Strobe" (light flashes).

Mickey Mouse was a good example of a character designed to eliminate the early problems of animation. His head was a ball with a rounded lump for a nose, a few circles for eyes and two frisbees for ears. His body was shaped like a pear or a gourd. Four pieces of garden hose were used for arms and legs. His hands were just two bunches of peeled bananas. Four old-fashioned donuts served as cuffs and anklets. He had a hair snake for a tail and his shoes were two boxing gloves with the thumbs cut off. He animated perfectly. Mickey has changed through the years but the formula is still the same.

By 1930 special artists were assigned the job of designing characters for animation. Cartoon stories had become more sophisticated and so had the view audience. The characters became individuals, stars, a part of Hollywood.

A whole galaxy of animation heroes and heroines have become famous in distant corners of the globe. At a recent Animation Festival in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, several Chinese animators appeared wearing Betty Boop buttons. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny, Woody Woodpecker and the Flintstones are as well known in Paris,

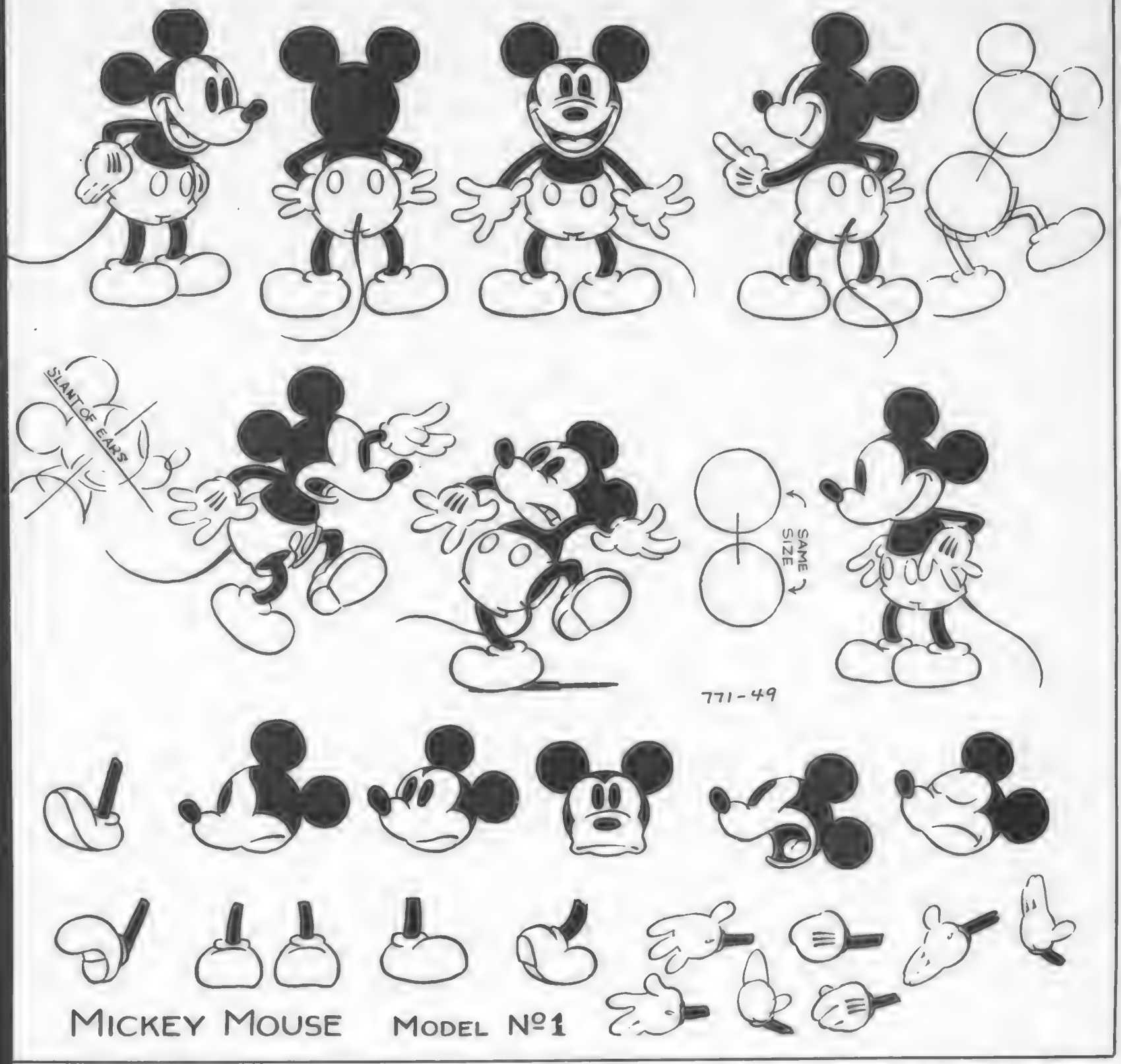
London, even in Gnosjo, Sweden, as they are in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. They have become world classics. Good design, good drawing have made them so.

The great animators were almost always good draughtsmen. Milt Kahl, Marc Davis, Frank Thomas, Ollie Johnston, John Lounsbery, Ward Kimball — these men drew exceptionally well. Among the animators who preceded them, those who could stay in a saddle when the wind was blowing were talents like Dick Huemer, Bill Tytla and the enigmatic Art Babbitt. Babbitt always said that he hated to draw, yet he animated the "most beautiful of all queens" in Disney's Snow White. He drew the complicated Mushroom Dance in Fantasia, an animation masterpiece that required the mind of a ballet dancer and the patience of a saint, which Babbitt is not. One could name a host of beautifully drawn characters that Art Babbitt "hated to draw."

How vital a part does drawing play in animation? Is it more important than a dramatic sense, a delicate feeling for humor, spacing and timing?

While an animator may borrow craftsmanship from an actor, he is faced each day with the problem of playing a new role, acting out a new scene, breathing life into a new character. His tools are ordinary sheets of paper and an ordinary lead pencil. If his drawings lack magic, a scene will be a failure.

Can one compare animation with the more dignified art of easel painting? Is a Ward Kimball less talented than Seurat? Or a Bill Tytla less gifted than a Raoul Dufy? If we transpose the question to a more familiar area of the cultural arts, — the Art of Cookery, — one could say that one chef prepares a meal of bar-



An early model sheet

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becued spare-ribs with Spanish sauce and chilled beer while the other serves wild pheasant under glass with Rhone River wine and truffles. Either meal could taste best at a chosen time and a chosen place.

If Claude Monet had tried to draw a Mickey Mouse, the result would probably have been a real gnocchi, — a dodo! On the other hand if you had asked a Les Clark or a Freddy Moore to paint purple haystacksor pointillistic water-lillies, the result might have been equally disappointing. They are two different art forms.

At age eighteen Edgar Degas asked the venerable Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres what his best advice would be to a young artist. Ingres replied, "Draw, draw, draw." ●

This cover story for THE DETROIT NEWS MAGAZINE for Sunday, March 22, 1981, was written by Magazine Associate Editor, BILL DUNN, the son of Bob Dunn, our SAID & DUNN columnist. Since The Detroit News has the largest evening circulation of any newspaper in America, we appreciate especially the kind words Bill included about your editor and CARTOONIST PROfiles. Detroit News Managing Editor Lionel Linder has given us permission to reprint the story, because of its special interest for us and our readers.

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"Little Nemo in Slumberland," above, was created by Michigan cartoonist Winsor McCay in 1905.

"Krazy Kat," below, was a favorite with cartoon fans before World War I.

THE FUNNIES AS FINE ART

When the Kid put on a yellow nightshirt a new art form was born — just look at Little Nemo, Art Nouveau at its best

By WILLIAM DUNN
News Staff Writer

THE natural light from the windows facing Madison Avenue dances off the Frederic Remington paintings and Norman Rockwell illustrations hanging in New York's prestigious Graham Gallery. A few obviously well-heeled art patrons pause to inspect the works and consider their acquisition. But down the hall in a closed back room curator Georgia Riley is scrutinizing American masterpieces of a decidedly different sort. The elegantly dressed young woman relates the provenance of an early *Yellow Kid* and a middle-period *Mutt and Jeff* with the authority and feeling that might be accorded a painting from the Post-Impressionionist Period or the Cubist Movement. The funnies as fine art? Yes, indeed. In Europe, where American jazz and film first were discovered and appreciated, the products of American cartooning are viewed not simply as bits of throw-away pop culture but as true and valuable art.

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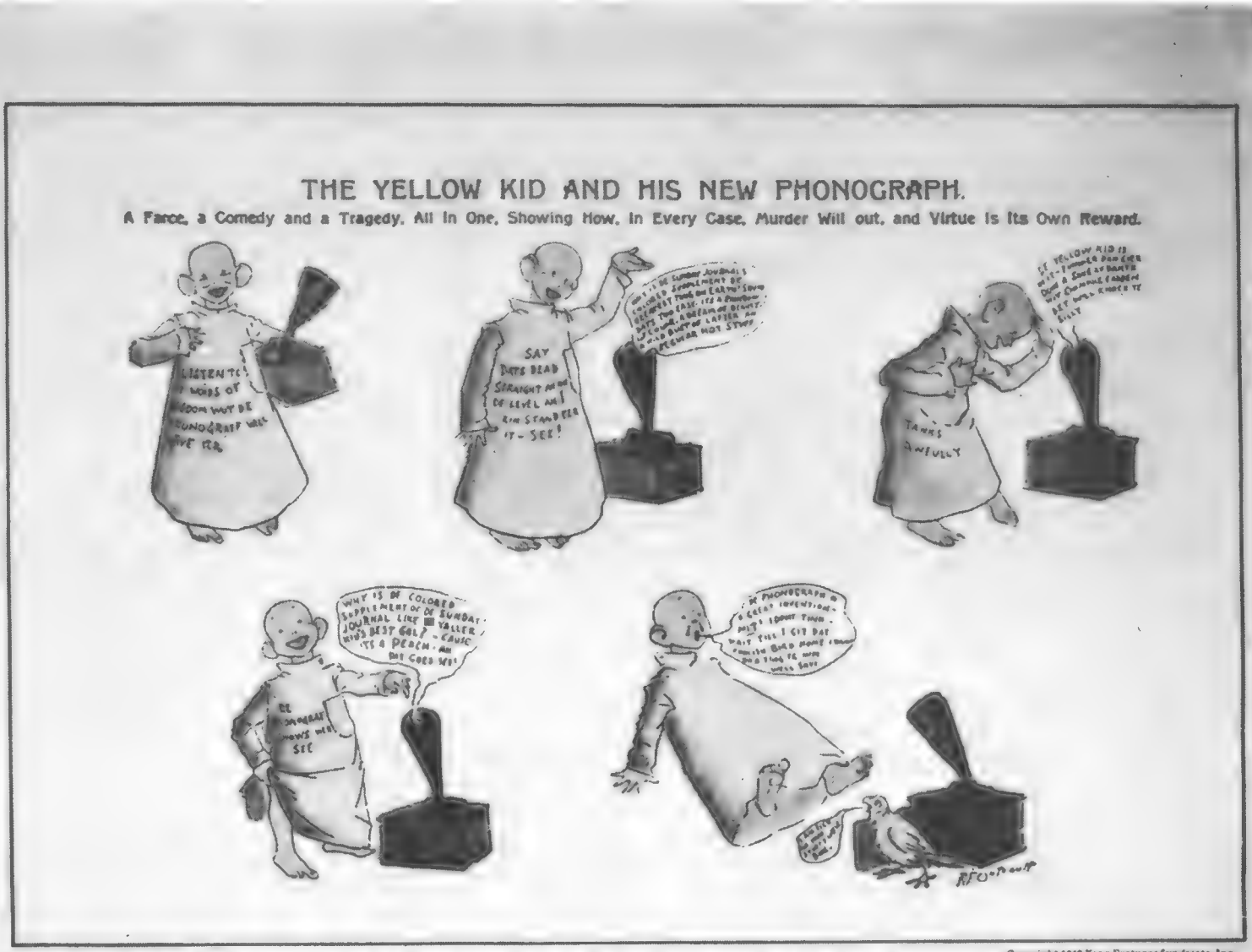
THE YELLOW KID AND HIS NEW PHONOGRAPH.
A Farce, a Comedy and a Tragedy, All In One, Showing How, In Every Case, Murder Will out, and Virtue Is Its Own Reward.
LISTEN TO
SAY
BOOM

Copyright 1948 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

"The Yellow Kid," first appeared in his yellow nightshirt in early 1896 in Pulitzer's New York World and later, as shown above, in Hearst's New York Journal.

Copyright 1962 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Original drawings of Hal Foster's "Prince Valiant," above, now bring as much as $1,200.

Pony Boy, below, wasn't much of a horse but his pal, Barney Google, proved a favorite among readers.

Copyright 1922 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

And while the comics — the fragile Sunday color supplements and daily black-and-white newspaper pages, the comic books and the original cartoon drawings they all come from — may not quite have made it out of the back room at American galleries like the Graham yet, the fact that they're there at all is significant.

"We had the first major cartoon exhibition of any art gallery — that was back in 1972," notes Ms. Riley, director of the Graham's 20th-century and illustrative art wing. "We feel it is a very important art form, especially native to America. It's a truly native art form."

Although there are no cartoon strips or comic books hanging in the Detroit Institute of Art or the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, much of the fine art establishment in America slowly is beginning to come around to the Graham's way of thinking.

A museum in Westchester County, N. Y., has been established to enshrine the comics and their creators, long considered merely pulp hacks engaged in amusing children.

A number of shops and libraries have sprung up in metro Detroit and the Midwest, as well as the rest of the country, to cater to the growing interest in cartoon art.

The Smithsonian and Library of Congress both have gathered collections of comic strip art, though neither yet has put up a display.

Several colleges and universities, including the University of Michigan, have been offering courses in cartoon history and appreciation for more than a decade.

And the number of serious collectors has skyrocketed in recent years. The record-breaking sum of $10,000 was paid for a turn-of-the-century *Wee Willie Winkie* original by Lyonel Feininger, who went on to become a leading German impressionist and cubist painter. *Prince Valiant* originals, which were selling for $50 to $100 a decade ago, now command $1,200 and more. Even comic books are bringing top dollar. A mint copy of the 1938 Action Comics No. 1, which introduced *Superman*, can fetch as much as $4,000.

So comics certainly aren't just for kids anymore — if they ever really were.

According to John Stevens, a communications professor at the U. of M., comics first were introduced into American newspapers in the 1890s by Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst. The two publishers viewed comics as circulation builders that lured new readers from among the lower classes and newly arrived immigrants.

The English and Italians had been publishing illustrations, caricatures and cartoons for hundreds of years. Yet it was not until Pulitzer and Hearst put their staff artists to work that the distinctive features of modern comic strips were fully developed: recurring characters, balloon-enclosed dialog and story lines developed in a series of panels.

Although a few comic strips appeared in the United States before it, *Down in Hogan's Alley* in Pulitzer's New York World takes credit for igniting the American cartoon explosion.

Pulitzer acquired a color printing press in 1893, intending to use it to reproduce famous masterpiece paintings in his paper. But the process was unsatisfactory and the experiment was dropped after several issues. The press then was tried out on simpler jobs around the newspaper, eventually printing the cartoon, *Down in Hogan's Alley*. The cartoon, which had been appearing for a few years in black and white without much reader response, featured a street urchin who always wore a nightshirt. On Feb. 16, 1896, the order came down to print the kid's nightshirt in yellow. With that, *The Yellow Kid* was born. He caused a sensation.

Hearst, publisher of the rival New York Journal, retaliated with not one color comic but several in one weekly supplement. He announced the innovation as: "Eight

pages of polychromatic effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead pipe."

Hearst next abducted *The Yellow Kid* by luring creator Richard Outcault to the Journal with an offer he couldn't refuse. Pulitzer got revenge by hiring Rudolph Dirks, who was drawing *The Katzenjammer Kids* for Hearst. While Hearst simply hired another artist to continue doing *The Katzenjammer Kids,* Dirks created a new strip for Pulitzer called *The Captain and The Kids* that was a *Katzenjammer* clone.

By 1900 several New York publishers were frantically hiring artists to turn out a flood of new strips. Historians call this cartooning's Early Period. Cartoons then were intricate and lavishly illustrated and perceptive like *The Yellow Kid* and *'Little Nemo in Slumberland.'* The latter, by Michiganian Winsor McCay, was the first fantasy strip in America. McCay, who was from the western Michigan town of Spring Lake, is considered one of the greats of cartooning and a pioneer in animation.

Through syndication, cartoons were made available to newspapers across America. That's how The Sunday News-Tribune, predecessor to The Detroit News, became in 1901 the first paper in Michigan to run cartoons. Cartoons from the Early Period that appeared in The Detroit News, which are now highly prized by collectors, included: *The Captain and the Kids, Barney Google,* and *Mutt and Jeff.*

Cartooning's Early Period was followed by the Golden Period, which stretched from the teens through World War II, a time when the new art form flowered. It was in those years that animation was perfected, comic books first appeared and great strips like *Li'l Abner, Tarzan, Toonerville Trolley, Little Orphan Annie, Terry and the Pirates, Dick Tracy* and *Prince Valiant* were introduced. The first three of those cartoons appeared regularly in The Detroit News.

Surveys in those pre-television days showed that more than two-thirds of all American adults read comics. Cartoons had become the fine art or literature of the proletariat.

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"Toonerville Folks" appeared regularly in The Detroit News.

Copyright 1944 Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Inc

"Little Orphan Annie" has been a comic-page favorite since the Depression.

"Mutt and Jeff" were also found in the comic pages of The News.

BUT MUTT-
WELL, WELL ON WHAT HORSE, WHAT GOAT, OUT WITH IT
ON- ER, ON-ER-A HOUSEMAID TO WIN
WELL DID YOU GET IT ON?
I BET IT ON "HOUSEMAID". I COULDN'T SAY "PHYLLIS ANTOINETTE"
YOU JUST SAID IT, DIDN'T YOU?
WELL, YOU CAN'T TELL, HOUSEMAID MIGHT WIN AT THAT! IN OTHER WORDS - THAT IS - TO SAY - THERE YOU ARE. TAKE A GUESS IN TOMORROW'S PAPER AND SEE WHAT MUTT WINS FOR HIMSELF.

Copyright 1915 by Star Co., distributed by McNaught Syndicate

But this new art proved fragile, as were the reputations and fame of their creators, partly because of the paper their work was printed on. The pulp paper of newspapers and comic books is cheap and deteriorates quickly, making it hard to save for study and appreciation later. The syndicates that employed the comic artists didn't help matters. For decades the syndicates threw out original artwork when they ran out of storage space. Thus early comic supplements are very rare and the original art work they're based on rarer still. What wasn't thrown out was often given away free to anyone who wrote in and asked.

After learning that some entrepreneurs were turning around and selling the artwork, many cartoonists and several syndicates began charging for originals. And syndicates stopped throwing originals away. As recently as the late 1960s one could acquire a *Prince Valiant* original by Hal Foster from King Features Syndicate in return for a $50 contribution to charity — not much money for an original piece of art, even in those pre-inflation days.

While most Americans read the comics in their daily paper, Europeans can see the same strips in book form. American strips routinely are gathered together and published in paperback in Europe. And it's primarily adults who buy, collect and read them.

"Europeans are exposed to art from an early age," contends American cartoonist Jud Hurd, editor of Cartoonist Profiles magazine. "They see it all around them, not just in the museums, but in the streets and in their public buildings. It's somehow made them more sensitive than Americans to all forms of art, including the strips."

This sensitivity prompted Paris' renowned Louvre in 1967 to mount an exhibition of *Steve Canyon* and *Terry and the Pirates* originals by cartoonist Milton Caniff.

"Why not?" asks Maurice Horn, the Frenchman who organized the show. Horn, a recognized cartoon historian now living in New York, notes matter-of-factly: "Europe is more advanced than the United States in this. I think it is like jazz. Comics are such an indigenous art form, at least in their beginnings. It's been taken for granted for so long in America. Foreign observers see things in it maybe sooner."

There were major cartoon exhibitions in several European cities in the '70s. The Italian town of Lucca for the past 12 years has put on annual cartoon festivals filled with lectures, exhibitions, demonstrations and auctions.

Several American cartoonists, including *Kerry Drake* creator Alfred Andriola, were invited to one of the festivals in the late 1960s. One cartoonist recalls what happened next: "The Americans went over and were treated like royalty. Alfred Andriola, who is of Italian descent, was mobbed by shouting fans telling him: 'Alfred Andriola, you are the great Michelangelo of our era.' The cartoonists, who would walk down the street unrecognized in America, found the attention incredible."

The reinvigorated cartoonists returned home, determined to promote cartoon art in America and dramatically improve the level of public and institutional appreciation. In 1974 a handful of cartoonists founded the Museum of Cartoon Art, now located in Port Chester, N.Y. The museum has more than 50,000 cartoon originals, manuscripts and comic ephemera. The constantly changing exhibits attract 50,000 people to the museum every year.

Says museum director Brian Walker: "It used to be people would come in and say, 'What is this place, anyway?' Now we get people coming in, very knowledgeable and interested, people of all ages. They're more aware."

A few years before the museum opened, Jud Hurd, who lives in the cartoonists' stronghold of Westport, Conn., began publishing Cartoonist Profiles, a lively and knowledgeable quarterly devoted to exploring all facets of the cartoon medium. The timing for both the museum and magazine was right.

Continued on Next Page

BYLINES

Culture shock

BILL Dunn was a little slow as a kid. He started out thinking everybody's parents were funny and liked to draw. What a shock he was in for when he went off to grammar school, started meeting his classmates' parents — and found out the terrible truth about adults: Boring, boring, boring.

Of course, Dunn was culturally deprived. His father is Bob Dunn, chief cartoonist for the syndicated *Little Iodine* and *They'll Do It Every Time* strips — and a prankster of such proportions that he's a legend even among his colleagues. So you could excuse the youngster for not realizing at first that he was leading something of a fantasy life in the company of his father and those crazy cartoonist friends of his.

Today, as associate editor of The Magazine, Bob Dunn's son can't draw a lick. But he does all right with a typewriter keyboard (as did his father, once a reporter with Hearst's International News Service), and it seemed only a matter of time before he decided he'd like to do a piece about comic strips.

His cover story in this issue might seem a bit farfetched at first glance: The funnies as fine art, indeed. But Dunn really believes they deserve a place being collected and exhibited alongside other American folk art; and, more importantly, so do a lot of other people he tracked down for the story.

In case you were wondering, Dunn himself does not collect comic art, although his father has turned over some of his own work as well as a few early examples by other cartoonists.

Bob Dunn

David LaGuardia

You, too, can be a cartoon collector

IF you're a browser or a buyer of the comics and original cartoon art, you've come to the right place.

Start at the main branch of the Detroit Public Library, where Detroit's daily newspapers, including the defunct Detroit Times, are on microfilm. The files go back to when each was founded. The microfilm offers a complete record of the comic strips that ran in those papers. A fledgling collector would do well to read over the strips, from the earliest days to the present, to familiarize himself or herself with the various styles and artists.

For comic book aficionados, the Michigan State University Library's Popular Culture Section has a 12,000-volume collection of comic books from the 1940s to the present, including *Superman, Wonder Woman* and the Disney comics. The collection is open to the public.

At Ohio State University in Columbus there is a massive collection of original *Terry and the Pirates* and *Steve Canyon* drawings by OSU alumnus Milton Caniff. These and some original *Prince Valiant* art by Hal Foster are available only to researchers. However, OSU has mounted a traveling exhibition of 100 Caniff originals which are being shown around Ohio. For schedule information call the Ohio Foundation on the Arts in Columbus (614) 221-4300.

My Book House, a bookstore at 20208 Conant in Detroit, has an interesting display of original comic strip art, including *Moon Mullins, Mandrake the Magician, Dondi,* and *The Wizard of Id.* Some of the pieces are for sale. Manager John Lane reports that My Book House also sells new and back-issue comic books and Sunday color supplements.

Nostalgia Nook, at 24912 Harper, St. Clair Shores, carries back-issue comics and such cartoon toys as a *Dick Tracy* badge and *Little Orphan Annie* decoder rings. The Nook also handles reprints of Early and Golden Period cartoon strips like *Little Nemo in Slumberland* and *Krazy Kat,* which are published in book-form by Dover Books and sold for under $5.

The Classic Movie and Comic Center at 33409 Grand River in Farmington sells a wide variety of material, everything from collectible comic books and pulp magazines to movie posters and other ephemera.

For a list of shops in your area that handle comic books or original comic art, look in the yellow pages under book dealers.

On April 12, cartoon collectors Mike and Tony Brown are sponsoring the Detroit Nostalgicon, where over 40 dealers will be displaying and selling back-issue comic books and some original comic book art. The Nostalgicon, at the Plymouth Hilton Hotel on Northville Road at Five Mile in Plymouth, will offer an opportunity to meet other collectors and swap stories, tips and comic material.

To learn of other "comicons," as these conventions are called, stop by the bookstore in your area that specializes in comic books or cartoon art. These shops usually post announcements of upcoming events of interest to collectors.

Other cartoon sources:

Cartoonist Profiles, a slick quarterly magazine published in Connecticut, has itself become a collectible item as well as a major source of information on cartooning and cartoonists. Each issue runs profiles of current and past great cartoonists, along with reproductions of their work. The magazine, available by writing P.O. Box 325, Fairfield, Conn. 06430, occasionally carries ads from collectors and dealers wanting to swap or sell comic book collections and original cartoon art.

The Museum of Cartoon Art, which is just an hour's drive or train ride north of New York City, sells as well as displays original cartoon art. The museum is located on Comly Avenue, Port Chester, N.Y. 10573.

If you know the syndicate that distributes or did distribute a comic strip you're interested in, you can approach the syndicate directly to acquire cartoon originals. To find out which syndicate to contact, look closely at the cartoon in question in your newspaper. The name of the syndicate usually appears in small print somewhere on the side or bottom of the strip.

Most of the syndicates are located in New York City. For the exact address, check the Manhattan phone directory, or go to a local library and check the syndicate directory in the Editor & Publisher Yearbook.

If you write a cartoonist directly asking for cartoon originals, be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for their return.

WILLIAM DUNN

Funnies

Continued from Preceding Page

"The pop art movement might just have something to do with this," contends Stuart Reisbord, a suburban Philadelphia-based cartoon art dealer who is one of the country's biggest. "Pop artists like Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol and Claes Oldenburg, who have turned to the comics for inspiration, have done so much work. People have looked at it, admired it, and now they want to turn to the source."

Rick Marschall, a writer for Disney comics and the author of several histories of American cartoons, has his own theories about the mounting respect for cartoons and interest in collecting them.

"The first reason is there is quality there, and quality will out," he says. "Another reason can be tied in to the 'Reagan reaction' and patriotism coming back again. The comic strip is very American. And it's tied up with things nostalgic. People aren't ashamed of being corny anymore, remembering their childhood, what's good about the country. You can't get any more American than the comic strips."

As more and more serious collectors turn to cartoon originals, prices have increased. That has brought in the speculators, those simply looking for the hedge against inflation. Says Marschall: "Those types aren't comics fans. They don't know *Mickey Mouse* from *Dick Tracy.* But they recognize good investments."

It's a simple matter of supply and demand that determines the appreciation rate of cartoon art values. "I've found that no way, no way, could stocks or bonds appreciate, ever appreciate, even down to certificates of deposit, the way that original cartoons have done," reports dealer Stuart Reisbord.

Many experienced collectors concentrate on cartoons produced during the Early and Golden Periods because of their historic value and because they were more lavishly illustrated than are the cartoons from the postwar Silver Period.

While connoisseurs agree on the intrinsic worth of the comic strips, they clearly appreciate the cartoons on several different levels.

The U. of M.'s Stevens prizes the comics as "mirrors to their time. They are useful as some kind of a measure backwards into what popular attitudes were."

Cartoons not only mirror life; in some cases they have influenced it. The cartoons of Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, who signed his work TAD, introduced such phrases as "hot dog," "bonehead," "23-skidoo," "for crying out loud," and "cat's meow" into the language over a half-century ago.

Says historian Horn of the comic strips: "It is an art form, different from literature and different from art. It should stand on its own merits as a native art form."

But Marschall contends that many of the great cartoons, like *Little Nemo in Slumberland, Krazy Kat* and *Prince Valiant* to name but three, do measure up under classical artistic standards in terms of composition, execution and technique.

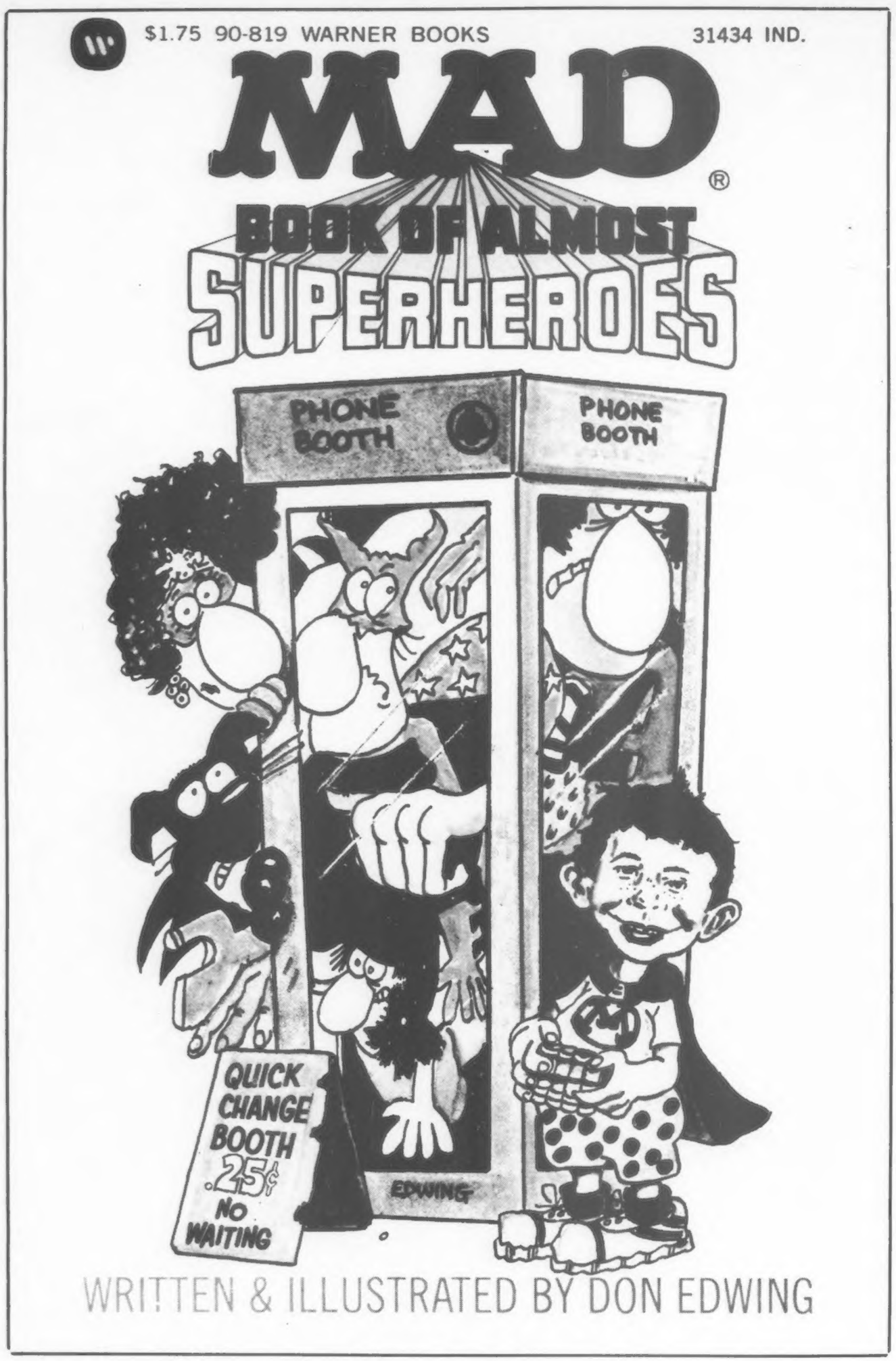
John Canady, the highly regarded art critic, once judged Winsor McCay's *Little Nemo in Slumberland* to be a fine example of Art Nouveau, while novelist John Steinbeck has likened cartoonist Al Capp to Jonathan Swift.

Today rising pulp paper prices have forced newspapers to decrease the space for comics. As a result, cartoonists are working in smaller panels and drawing more simply to prevent clutter in their strips. But certainly many great cartoons have been launched in the present Silver Period and are considered well worth collecting.

Usually the more recent the cartoon, the lower the purchase price. Thus, originals from comic strips now appearing in newspapers can offer the fledgling collector potentially inexpensive acquisitions. Some may even be free to the collector who can reach a cartoonist directly and convince him of the collector's sincere interest in his work.

The best advice for the beginning collector: Concentrate on what you like rather than what's voguish.

To quote *The Yellow Kid:* "Listen te de woids of wisdom." ☐



Don Edwing is a superhero's superhero. He's done his super research since he was seven years old, assimilating every comic book title imported north of Weehawken, New Jersey.

-Jerry De Fuccio-

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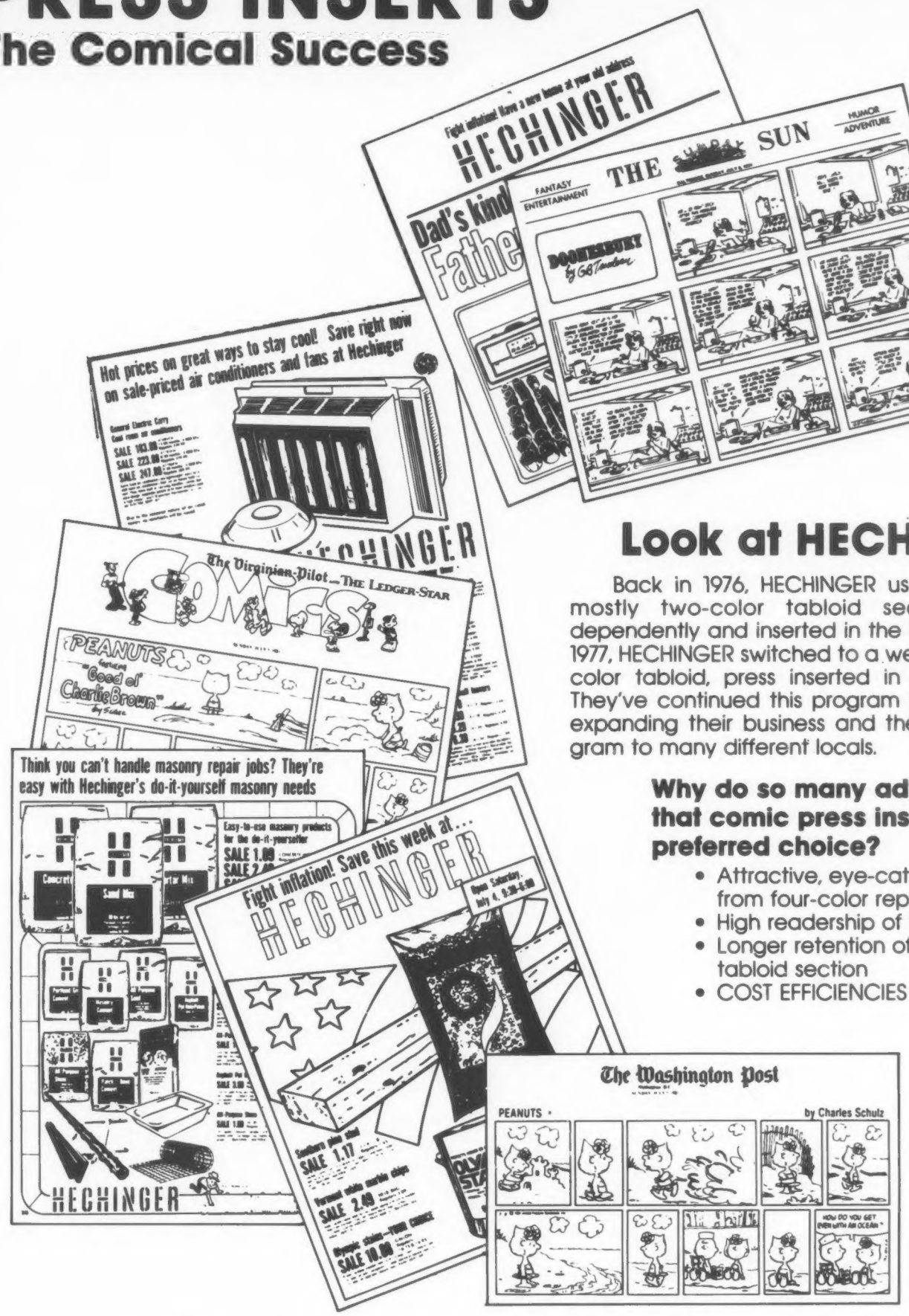

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